

RICHARD PETERS

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Organ of the Seventies and the Young Mens
Mutual Improvement Associations



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IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XI.

FEBRUARY, 1908.

No. 4

THE WESTERN GATEWAY OF CIVILIZATION.

A NEGLECTED HISTORICAL SPOT.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

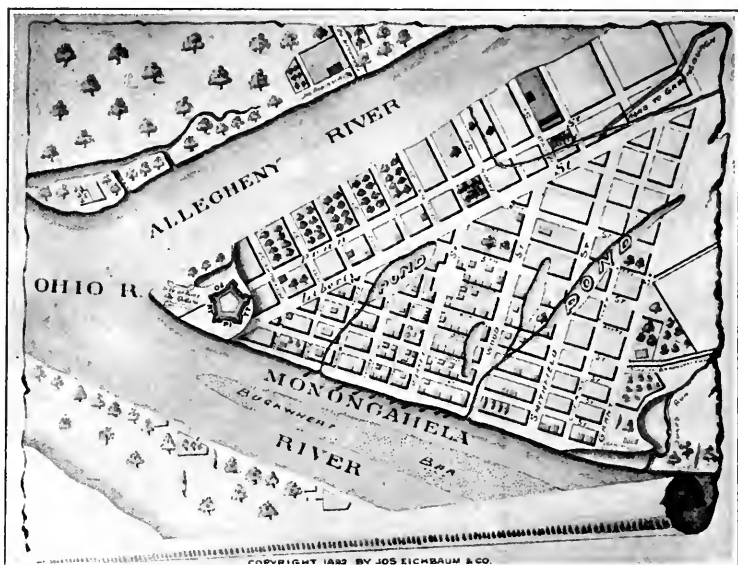
You have read Moore's "Meeting of the Waters?" If not, then do so, for it is one of that much neglected poet's most pleasing descriptive, sentimental productions; dear, I am sure, to every soul who has visited the "Sweet Vale of Avoca," at the point where the clear streams of Avon and Avoca meet, between Rashdrum and Arklow, in the County of Wicklow, Ireland. It is twenty years since the writer stood upon the hill that overlooks the scene of Moore's poem, and in silence acquiesced in the charms of the spot, celebrated by the Irish poet; though, unlike the poet, the writer was alone at the time, and the added charm of friendly companionship was not there to increase the interest "that nature had shed o'er the scene;" so that, in his case, it was nature's "soft magic of streamlet and hill" that constituted the vale's chief charms.

The writer was reminded of this twenty-year-ago visit to the vale of Avoca, with its "meeting of the waters" as he recently stood under the shadow of Washington Heights, near Pittsburgh, and saw a mightier "Meeting of the Waters" than would be possible in Ireland, since it was an American meeting of rivers, and not an Irish meeting of brooks.

I refer to the meeting of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers immediately below the most westerly point of the city of

Pittsburgh. The first stream comes from the south but turns westerly, on striking the height of land on which the modern city of Pittsburgh stands. The second stream flows from the north-east, but meanderingly sweeps westward on striking the opposite side of the height of land before referred to, and meeting the Monongahela they together form the Ohio, which, in the native American language, whence it comes, means "Beautiful River"—a name surely appropriate for this one of America's noblest streams. On the left bank of the Ohio, at least for some distance below Pittsburgh, the wooded bluffs, broken here and there by deep-cut ravines, rise majestically from the river's brink; the right bank is less majestic in appearance, but at some points scarcely less beautiful.

The point of land which overlooks this American meeting of the waters, and marks the most westerly part of the city of Pittsburgh, is one of America's most historical spots; and it might be added,



Pittsburgh in 1795. (This point, west of a line running just east of the block house indicated, is recommended in this article to be nationalized).

one of America's most neglected historical spots. Here stands the only remaining monument of British occupancy of territory

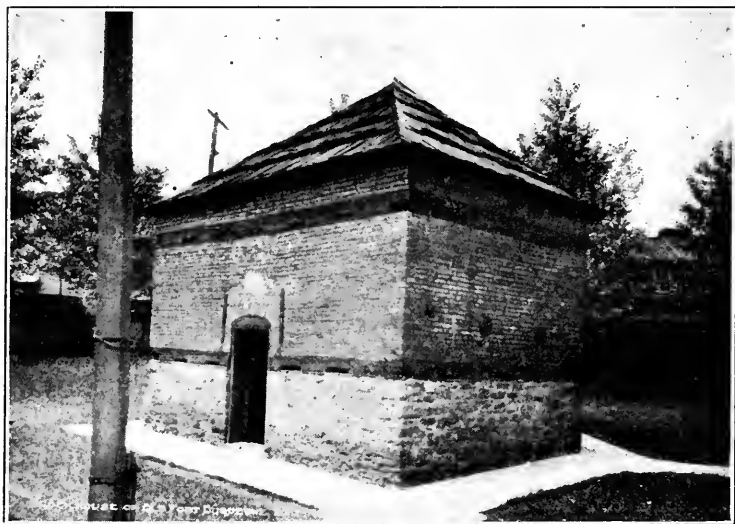
within the United States, west of the Allegheny mountains. It is the little stone and brick redoubt of old Fort Pitt, built by Colonel Bouquet in 1764. It is a five-sided building, not more than eighteen by eighteen feet in diameter. It has two floors, and in each story has a square oak log running entirely round the building, with loop hooles at intervals which commanded all the approaches to old Fort Pitt.

It was during the great Indian uprising, planned by Pontiac, the noted chief of the Ottawas, that Colonel Bouquet, marching under orders from General Amherst, reached Fort Pitt and relieved it from the five days attack made upon it by a large force of Indians. The attack upon the little garrison—numbering but three hundred and thirty men—was most determined. The Indians approached the fort on the night of the 27th of July, 1764, crawling under the banks of the two rivers, the Monongahela and Allegheny, digging holes with their knives, in which they were completely sheltered from the fire of the fort. "On one side," says a reliable description of the circumstance, "the entire bank was lined with these burrows, from which the Indians shot volleys of bullets, arrows and fire-arrows into the fort. The yelling was terrific, and the women and children in the crowded barracks clung to each other in abject terror. This attack lasted five days. On the 1st of August the Indians heard the rumor of Colonel Bouquet's approach, which caused them to move on, and so the tired garrison was relieved."

On the 6th of August, Bouquet encountered the Indians at Bushy Run, about twenty-five miles east of Fort Pitt. The battle raged for two days, but the English officer won a complete victory; though he lost eight officers and one hundred and fifteen men. On the 10th of August he arrived at Fort Pitt, but his force was not sufficient to warrant his pursuit of the savages further into the west at that time. It was during his stay at Fort Pitt, after his rescue of it, that he erected the Block House in question. The Colonel observed that the moat which surrounded the fortifications was perfectly dry when the rivers were low, so that the Indians "could crawl up the ditch and shoot any guard or soldier who might show his head above the parapet." It was to prevent this that Colonel Bouquet ordered the Block House erected.

But this Pittsburgh Point is associated with events of much

more importance than incidents connected with this Indian war, however thrilling the latter may be. It was here that two quite distinct civilizations met in their struggle for the possession of the interior of America. France early saw the natural strategic point of the "Forks of the Ohio," and designed making it one of a chain of forts extending from Niagara to the Mississippi, following the Ohio. The work of building this line of forts attracted the attention of the British authorities in the American Colonies. Especially did it attract the attention of Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, an irascible old Scotchman, little likely to submit quietly to what he regarded as the invasion of his Sovereign's dominion. England,



Block House of Old Fort Pitt.

it must be remembered, laid claim to all countries conquered by the Iroquois Indians, or Five Nations, who, by the treaty of Utrecht, had been accounted British subjects. To claim title to the lands over which the depredations of the Five Nations ranged, was practically to claim all the lands between the Allegheny mountains and the Mississippi, and northward to the lakes, as also between Ottawa and Lake Huron, north of the lakes, leaving nothing to France but the Province of Quebec. On the other hand France claimed the

whole of the American continent except the narrow strip of sea coast eastward of the Allegheny mountains. Whatever concessions she had been forced into making by the treaties of Utrecht (1713) and Aix la Chapelle (1748) she repudiated, and planned to take possession of what she regarded as her own by the erection of the aforesaid line of forts. Seeing the territory of his king invaded by this fort building policy of the French, Governor Dinwiddie resolved to send formal protest to those actually engaged in such work, and call upon them to desist. In pursuance of this resolution he dispatched a certain young Virginian, then known to fame only as the best all-round athlete in Virginia, and a brother to Lawrence Washington, who had the distinction of having been educated in England, and who was also a stock holder in the trading companies doing business with the Indians as far west as the Ohio.

It was in December, 1753, that young George Washington, in company with a few frontiersmen, appeared at Fort Le Boeuf and presented Governor Dinwiddie's protest against French invasion of lands "so notoriously known to belong to Great Britain." The French Commander, St. Pierre, received the young Virginian courteously, as he was bound to do, and prepared a polite answer to Governor Dinwiddie's communication, informing him that he was but a soldier carrying out the orders of his superiors, but promised to forward his letter to the Marquis Duquesne, and await his orders.

Returning from Fort Le Boeuf, Washington passed the "Forks of the Ohio," and being struck with the locality as a strategic point of great value in the struggle then pending between France and Great Britain, he recommended, on his return to Virginia, the building of a British fort there. The recommendation was acted upon and Captain William Trent, a commissioned officer in the British army, but formerly an English Indian trader of the better class, was dispatched with a company of backwoodsmen to build the proposed Fort.

Meantime, Governor Dinwiddie was exerting himself to raise the necessary troops and munitions of war to garrison the fort. He appealed to the other colonies for aid, but as the lands invaded belonged either to Virginia or to Pennsylvania—to which was then not quite certain—the other colonies were not disposed to vote money and men to defend them. Aside from the troops raised in Virginia and Pennsylvania, the utmost help Governor Dinwiddie

could obtain was the promise of three or four hundred men from North Carolina, two companies from New York, and one from South Carolina. The troops from Virginia were to be commanded by Joshua Fry, with Washington second in command. Captain Trent, anxious to obtain a prominent position in the expedition then forming, withdrew from the Forks of the Ohio, leaving the



Chatham.

building of Fort Pitt in the hands of Ensign Ward and forty men while he hastened to Virginia to join Washington.

The French, meanwhile, were close observers of these move-

ments of their English enemies, and learning of the weakness of the British garrison at the "Forks of the Ohio" they descended the Allegheny river in a force one thousand strong, landed before Fort Pitt, planted their cannon and demanded its surrender. Ensign Ward promptly complied with the demand and was permitted to withdraw with all his men. The unfinished English fort was soon demolished, and one near by, but closer to the Allegheny river than Fort Pitt, was erected by the French and named Fort Duquesne.

Of the subsequent movements between the French and British for possession of the Forks of the Ohio, I cannot write in detail. It must suffice me to say, in brief, that they involved the forward movement of the Virginia troops under Washington shortly after the abandonment of Fort Pitt by Ensign Ward, and his obtaining a temporary advantage over the French in the defeat of their forces under Coulon de Jumonville (killed in the engagement); of his own retreat before a superior force of French and Indians to Great Meadows, where he capitulated to Coulon de Villiers; of the Braddock expedition of 1755, rendered disastrous by the arrogance and stupidity of the British general, who insisted on fighting Indians and French frontiersmen exactly in the same form as he would have fought Prussian armies in Europe; the awful battle in which he was so overwhelmingly defeated that the engagement took on the nature of a massacre of the English troops, was fought some eight miles east of the Forks of the Ohio. With the defeat of Braddock the efforts to take Fort Duquesne were at an end for some three years.

At the close of that interval, however, another British expedition was formed for the capture of Fort Duquesne, under Brigadier General Forbes and Colonel Bouquet, a young Swiss officer in the service of the British. This expedition, though sustaining some slight reverses, drove the French to such extremities that they themselves blew up Fort Duquesne and retired from the Forks of the Ohio.

On the arrival of General Forbes at that point, "he hastily built a stockade around the soldiers' huts and traders' cabins which, in honor of England's great Prime Minister and America's friend, he named 'Pittsburgh.'" Sixty days later came the royal mandate, through this same Prime Minister, to the colonial authorities and the commander in chief of His Majesty's forces in North America "To lose no time in concerting the properest and speediest

means for completely restoring, if possible, the ruined Fort Duquesne to a defensible and respectable state, or for erecting another in the place of it of sufficient strength and every way adequate to the great importance of the several objects of maintaining His Majesty's subjects in the undisputed possession of the Ohio."

Soon after this royal order, came Captain Gordon, a capital engineer, with a force of artificers under the direction of General John Stanwix, who succeeded General Forbes, and Fort Pitt was erected. It is described as "a solid and substantial building, constructed at an enormous cost to the English government."

The estimation of the "enormous cost" ranges all the way from six hundred to sixty thousand English pounds.

The retirement of the French from the Forks of the Ohio was followed by Pontiac's assault upon all the western posts of the British, 1763, from which Fort Pitt was delivered by the timely advent upon the scene of Colonel Bouquet, as already related in the earlier paragraphs of this writing. The ill-fated forts, which fell before the assaults of the savages, in this the most general and best planned uprising of the Indians upon the intruding white race, were Forts Le Bœuf, Venango, Presque Isle, Miamis, St. Joseph, Ouachtanon, Sandusky and Michillimackinac. Fort Detroit, like Fort Pitt, escaped by the narrowest margin. The garrisons of all the captured forts were either butchered upon the spot or carried off to be tortured for the vengeful and brutal amusement of the victors.

The year following, 1764, when the Indians who had meanwhile rendezvoused along the Muskingum, above what is now known as Marietta, Ohio, again prepared to ravage the British frontier, General Gage—he of the Boston school-boy episode—then commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces in the American colonies, planned two expeditions against them; one led by General Bradstreet, ordered to advance by way of the Great Lakes; the other, led by Colonel Bouquet, to start from Fort Pitt. Both expeditions were successful. Colonel Bouquet pursued the savages to their new homes on the Muskingham, refusing to listen to parleys, until the spirit of the native tribes was subdued and they were ready to accept such terms as he chose to dictate. One of these terms was, that all of the whites held captive by the

Indians should be brought in and surrendered. This was acceded to, and some three hundred captives were brought to his encampment. It was a pathetic scene which attended this event. Some



of the captives had been held for years by the Indians, some of them as long as nine years. Those who had been captured in their childhood had forgotten the very language of their race. One instance is related of a mother who recognized her child among the captives surrendered to Colonel Bouquet, but the child gave no sign of recognizing the mother, and in tears she complained to the colonel that the daughter she had so often sung to

sleep in her arms had forgotten her. "Sing the song to her that you used to sing when she was a child," said the commander. She did so, and "with a passionate flood of tears," the daughter rushed to the mother's arms.

During this period, that is, after the departure of the French and before the outbreak of the American Revolution, a sharp contention arose between the colonies of Pennsylvania and Virginia for the possession of the "point at the forks of the Ohio." Maryland also insisted that she owned it, and pressed her claims to the point of bloodshed for its possession. These contentions were not finally settled until 1785, when commissioners were appointed, the western boundaries of the State of Pennsylvania were run, and it was finally determined that the "forks of the Ohio" were well within the territory of that state.

During the period of the American Revolution, Fort Pitt

played no very important part. The people upon the frontier, of which the fort was an outpost, stood in no danger from attack by the English armies. And, when early in the war it was proposed on the part of the Americans to make it a point from which to attack Fort Detroit and other British interior posts, the chiefs of the Six Nations intervened. A conference of Indian chiefs and army officers was held at Fort Pitt. Chief Guyasuta was the spokesman for the Six Nations. "Brothers," he is reported to have said, "we will not suffer either English or Americans to pass through our country. Should either attempt it, we shall forewarn them three times, and should they persist, they must take the consequences. I am appointed by the Six Nations to take care of this country, * * * * and I desire you will not think of an expedition against Detroit, for I repeat, we will not suffer an army to pass through our country."

Notwithstanding this action, there was, during the years through which the Revolution continued, an intermittent and troublesome border war carried on between the Indians and the settlers, the former being encouraged in their depredations by the British.

After the French were driven from the Ohio, the Pontiac rising suppressed, and the American Revolution ended, Fort Pitt lost its importance as a military post, and passed from hand to hand, until finally Mrs. Mary E. Schneley, granddaughter of General James O'Hara, presented Colonel Bouquet's little stone and brick block house of old Fort Pitt to the Daughters of the American Revolution of Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, together with a plot of ground measuring one hundred by ninety feet, with a passage way leading to Pennsylvania avenue ninety by twenty feet. Thus, through the generosity of a patriotic woman, and the Daughters of the American Revolution, this historic spot is preserved to the city of Pittsburgh, to the great state of Pennsylvania and to the nation.

But while one admires and commends the generosity of Mrs. Schneley, and equally applauds the patriotism of the Daughters of the American Revolution, not only for preserving this historic spot to the city, state and nation, but for many other similar actions

that assert patriotic sentiment against heedless carelessness of historic monuments, and the encroachment of the spirit of unpatriotic materialism, one can but wonder at the neglect of this historic spot by the state of Pennsylvania and the United States. One marvels that long ere this Pennsylvania's powerful delegation in the National Congress has not moved for the nationalization of this point of land, either through concession by the state of Pennsylvania, or by purchase; and the erection thereon of a suitable monument to commemorate the brave deeds enacted there; and above all, to mark the progress of civilization on her westward march through our land. Here the forces of the two great European civilizations met in their conflict for the possession of the interior of America—an empire mightier in extent and resources than both states contending for its possession at that time. Here the savage tribes of the land, coming up from the Ohio valley, sought, as best they could, to beat back the hordes of white intruders. Why not, then, erect here on this spot, once the outpost of advancing civilization, a monument that would typify this triple-sided conflict, and the triumph of civilization over savagery? Let it be a group monument about an ample base. On the north side a French group of soldiers and Indian allies, pressing downward along the banks of the Allegheny for possession of the Ohio forks; on the south side a group of British with their American backwoods allies in resistance of the French; on the west side, coming up from the Ohio, an Indian group asserting their claims; while above these a majestic figure of civilization, facing and pointing westward—which would place it fronting the Ohio—the way of onward marching civilization.

Come, O National Congress, save this historic outpost in the westward march of civilization to the nation, and commemorate it in fitting manner,—in a way that shall be worthy of the large scale, the vastness, on which everything in America exists. Make it worthy of this American “meeting of the waters;” worthy of the great Ohio valley, at the head of which it will stand. Make it worthy of our country, for which nothing can be too great or too grand. Let it be a monument worthy of America.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

GOOD AND EVIL INFLUENCES.

BY S. F. KIMBALL.

[Some months ago, the author contributed several striking papers for the ERA, on his personal experiences. A number of people have asked him to explain how he was led to write these papers, and he answers their questions in this article, showing that the inspiration which led thereto was as remarkable as any that directed his former acts.—EDITORS.]

Many times during our lives, it is almost impossible to discern between good and evil influences. If we would always listen to the promptings of the right influence, what a world of sorrow and trouble it would save us! Evil is always present, and when we fail to listen to the good spirit, it gives the evil one advantage over us. That spirit causes everything to appear so easy and plausible that we sometimes get the two influences confused, and the one that has the strongest hold upon us is the one we naturally follow.

I quote the following from the Pearl of Great Price, pages 32 and 33: "And the Lord spake unto Adam, saying, Inasmuch as thy children are conceived in sin, even so when they begin to grow up, sin conceiveth in their hearts, and they taste the bitter, that they may know how to prize the good. And it is given unto them to know good from evil; wherefore, they are agents unto themselves." The Prophet Joseph, in speaking upon this subject, tells us that we must "try the spirits, and prove them, for it is often the case that men make mistakes in regard to these things." There is but one way to avoid evil influences. Live pure, holy, and prayerful lives; cultivate a spirit of discernment, and shun everything of an evil nature. Or, in other words, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from us." Many times I have been brought near to death's door by listening to the wrong spirit.

The most difficult time I ever had to discern between the two influences, was during the latter part of March, 1906. I had lost my position, and was enjoying a long and needed rest, and had no work in view. One evening, the spirit whispered these words to me: "Now is the time to write some of the most important events of your life, and have them published." My feelings naturally revolted against it, and the thoughts of such a thing made me shudder. I understood to which part of my life the spirit had reference. The same influence, twenty-two years before, had worked with me until I spent several days in writing that part of my history. I said to myself: No, never as long as I have my natural senses. I had lived a good life for a quarter of a century, and did not propose to tear down the good name I had worked so hard to build up. Both influences were working with me, and I was in sympathy with the one that was fighting that proposition. I had never but once written for publication, and then had help. My ambition did not run in that direction. I thought to myself, how foolish it would be for me to delve into the disagreeable parts of my life, and place them before the public, after I had outlived them! This spirit said to me, "Never will such a thing be required of you, and nothing but an evil influence would prompt you to make such a fool of yourself. The Lord has forgiven you of your sins, and they are blotted out of the book of remembrance." This feeling grew stronger from day to day, and had convinced me that all I had to do was to live a correct life, and let my past mistakes take care of themselves.

One evening I picked up a newspaper and was horrified to find that I could not read a word. My eyes continued in this condition for several days, and finally became almost blind. The two spirits continued to bear down upon me a little harder, and finally I went to bed a sick man. While this warfare was going on in my mind, a large carbuncle developed on one of my lower limbs. It seemed to penetrate to the bone and the flesh around it turned black. It was so painful I could hardly endure it. As I lay on my back in this pitiable condition, I had an open vision in broad daylight. It was no more nor less than my own hand writing passing before me from right to left about as fast as I would naturally write. The scene lasted fifteen or twenty minutes, and was so plain I could

see to read some of the writing. After the vision had passed, the spirit said to me, in language that could not be misunderstood, that if I refused to obey its promptings any longer I would never get out of that bed alive. My afflicted limb was in a fearful condition, and I feared that blood poison had already set in. All was made plain to me then, and I made up my mind to obey the instructions received, no matter how much it went against my natural feelings. If I could do good in my humble way, I was willing to make the sacrifice. I crawled out of bed and dressed myself. I went into the closet, and locked the door, and bowed down in humble prayer before the Lord. I laid bare my feelings before him. I confessed my sins with tears streaming down my cheeks. In broken accents I pleaded with him to be merciful unto me, and bless me in body, mind, and spirit. I asked him to strengthen my memory so that I would be able to remember what he desired me to write. I pleaded with him to give me back my eyesight, to remove the pain from my afflicted limb, and to give me strength to stand up under the trying ordeal that lay before me. I soon felt the spirit resting upon me in great power. My eyesight was restored, and all disagreeable feelings vanished. The pain left me, and I was healed, all but my afflicted limb.

Before I had gotten off my knees, the spirit told me that what I would write would not only be a help to others, but would prove a blessing to me. I went to my desk with a light heart and a cheerful countenance. The blood commenced to warm up in my veins. A cloud of darkness was lifted from my mind. What had appeared to me a horrible nightmare was changed into a sacred remembrance. I took a pencil and tab, and commenced to write. The subject given me was the incidents of my life that had taken place forty-two years before. They were brought so vividly before my mind that it seemed but yesterday. My next article was, "Why I Keep the Word of Wisdom." This part of my life was also brought vividly before me. When I had completed it, I commenced to write, "A Brand Plucked from the Burning." The headings of these articles were given to me by the spirit. When I started to write this sketch it was nothing short of marvelous the way this part of my life was brought before me, and how keen my memory was on all the little details connected with it. Many things were

brought to my remembrance which before I had forgotten. I could actually see in my mind the horrible countenances of those imps of the infernal regions, as they appeared to me on the desert, that September morning, twenty-five years before. For the first time I could appreciate this period of my life, and look upon the event as the most sacred part of it. Peculiar feelings engaged my mind, while it was passing before me like a panoramic view: Several times I had to pause long enough to wipe away the tears that were drenching the paper I was writing on. Never until then could I understand the importance of this period of my life, and I felt to exclaim, "Merciful God, hallowed be thy name forever. Thou didst, when I had started to cross the 'Rubicon' of destruction, condescend to point the way to glory, celestial worlds without end." This was the turning point of my life, and I could then understand why my Heavenly Father desired that these incidents should be made public. There were too many serious lessons connected with them, and they were too important to be brushed aside as so much trash. They were to be left on record as a standing reproof to every wayward son and daughter of Zion who might read them.

I wrote the entire article in less than three hours, and never rose from my seat until it was finished. At times, it seemed like the spirit would burn me up. The title to the fourth article was, "Reaping Wild Oats." Afterwards it was changed to "Adventures on the Way to Arizona." After it had been published, the spirit chided me for making the change, as it conveyed the wrong impression. There is a severe lesson in this part of my life also that the wayward of Zion would do well to heed. For nine years, I had turned my back upon my religion, and was running after the glitter of the world. I had been brought up under the droppings of the sanctuary, as it were, and knew I was doing wrong. Hundreds of times the good spirit had labored with me, and used all influences imaginable to get me to follow in the footsteps of my father; but no, nothing would do but have a "good time." Time and again, when my intentions were to do wrong, the good spirit blocked the way, and put me right, but I did not appreciate it. The Spirit of the Lord gradually left me, and I was deserted by all good influences, except my faithful guardian angels who remained

with me to the end. I was finally given over to some strange and powerful influence that I could not resist. It led me hither and thither, and finally landed me in the roughest and toughest part of Arizona without money and without friends. My mission there, under this influence, was to reap the wild oats I had so bountifully sown during the nine years previous to this time. I remained a prisoner under this influence for another nine years, and was not allowed to return home until I thought I had paid the uttermost farthing for every evil act of my life. In this instance it seemed to me that my sins had been "open beforehand, and had gone before to judgment," on conditions that I continued to do right.

When I had almost completed my fourth article, my afflicted limb had so far recovered that I was able to hobble down to the IMPROVEMENT ERA office where the spirit had directed me. The associate editor was a stranger to me. I presented to him my first and third articles to be passed upon. He read them through, and put his seal of approval on them, which was a great relief to me. It was a new experience to me, and a valuable one, and shows how the Lord can make us publish our own sins upon the housetops, when there is benefit to others to be derived from so doing.

Salt Lake City.

THE VISITORS.

(For the Improvement Era.)

A knock! who seeks an entrance, pray?

Oh! Happiness and Sorrow.

I'll entertain but Joy today;

Grief, you may call tomorrow.

THEO. E. CURTIS.

Salt Lake City, Utah.



Where beats the broad Atlantic, on Afric's golden strand.

GROOTE SCHUUR—A SKETCH.

BY RALPH A. BADGER, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION.

When I received the editor's letter, asking me for photographs and descriptive matter of local scenes, I at first had a little difficulty in deciding which of two places, prominent in my mind, would be of the greatest interest to readers of the ERA. One, the ascent of the perpendicular cliff called Table Mountain, which rises abruptly over 3,800 feet, and with its adjoining peaks practically walls in three sides of Cape Town; or the residence and grounds of the late Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes, which lie on the east slope of this mountain and extend some ten miles of the thirty to the extreme point of the Cape of Good Hope. My choice was found on the latter, because of the world-re-



Ralph A. Badger.

nown of its late owner, as well as its own intrinsic beauty, as a splendid specimen of prosperous days in the Cape; also because of the beauty of its mansion house which is a model of the better style of old Dutch architecture that was in vogue in South Africa during the early days, but which is now rapidly disappearing.

The mansion house is called *Groote Schuur*; the words are pronounced grōōte schūr, and signify "granary," for which purpose it is supposed to have been built and used in the eighteenth century. It was purchased by Mr. Rhodes, in 1892, and was his residence when at the Cape.

It is stated that Mr. Rhodes came great distances just to be in this particular home, under the shadow of Table Moun-



Approach to Groote Schuur

tain, and to see the sun rise and shine upon the splendor of the mountain's lofty peaks.

Since the death of Mr. Rhodes the property has not been used, as in his will it was left to be the residence of the governor of United South Africa—a union which is as yet future.

Groote Schuur is approached by a stately avenue of pine trees which rise heavenward at least one hundred feet, and which broaden out at the top like some giant umbrellas. This avenue is followed by a winding road of oak trees until the house is reached. The editor's letter requesting the photos was presented to the care-taker, as the house and grounds are now in the hands of trustees. The privilege of photographing anything outside of the house was kindly granted me.

As we stand before the house, which nestles amidst trees of



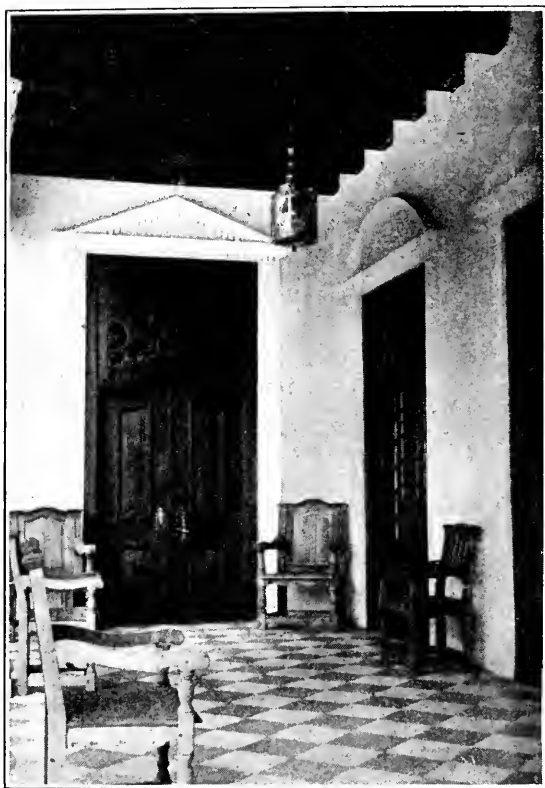
Groote Schuur.

oak and pine and palm, we feast upon the art and beauty of its scrolled gables, and tiny window panes, with their heavy oaken shutters, and we note the recess of the columned porch, here called a *stoep*, and the veranda overhead, above which we find the huge bronze tablet representing the landing of the first pioneers at the Cape in 1652, with von Riebeck as their governor. The red-tiled roof is not its original covering; this was added for its protection, after the former roof was destroyed by fire in 1896.

As we draw near, we find a unique tiled *stoep* with its old

oaken chairs, beautifully carved windows, and ornamented window sills, which remind us of the ease-loving habits of the Dutch with their long, dark pipes and bowls. Hard wood is used throughout the house, and is a source of solid comfort to behold.

The rear of the house is equally as attractive as the front.



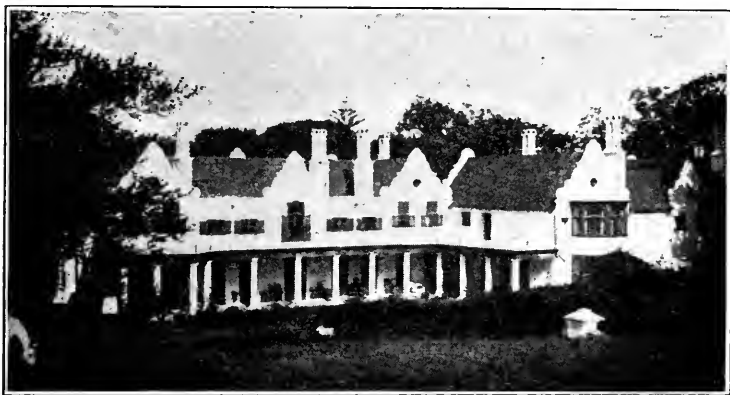
The Tiled *Stoep*.

Here we see to best advantage the wide veranda and *stoep* which surrounds most of the house, and which is a characteristic of the best houses in semi-tropical climates, where one of the luxuries of life is to live in the open. Above the veranda we see the moulded chimney pots used two by two, in keeping with the gables.

The back *stoep* is tiled, as is the front, and here we find a variety of treasures. Heavy brass-bound chests are interspersed

with oaken chairs of ancient pattern, all of which remind one of the days of pirates and the old East India company, which, at one time, owned this country. The stately roses and heavy hanging lamps, which here and there adorn the surroundings, all give evidence of artistic taste and culture.

Let us leave the grand old mansion, with its spacious flower-



Rear of Groote Schuur.

gardens on all sides, and see the grounds belonging to the estate. As we turn our faces toward the mountain, a Dutch garden filled with beautiful flowers rises in three white-walled terraces from the gravel court-yard. It is well laid out, and its different tiers are reached by wide steps, which run the full length of the center and terminate at the base of a clump of pine trees, some two hundred feet away.

We still ascend the grassy slope, but looking back we get a splendid view of the house with the pine trees in the foreground, and we do not wonder that it was Mr. Rhodes' favorite spot, for it has every beauty and convenience the heart can ask for.

The Groote Schuur estate is about ten miles long, and on an average two miles wide. Its value I cannot give. Having never been able to get the slightest estimate, but I should think it would be worth at least half a million dollars, if we can imagine the value of so much. As we start to roam through its forests of pine and oak, we are impressed with the natural beauty of the place.

Mr. Rhodes personally superintended the laying out, and he never allowed the ax or shovel to molest its native simplicity. As we follow along foot paths, they lead us over small hills, then deep into ravines where palms in numerous varieties grow wild on every side, and where the sun's rays never penetrate. Then, here and there, are open fields of from five to fifteen acres, sometimes covered with grass and left open for the public, for Groote Schuur is a



The Rear Stoep.

favorite spot for picnics and holiday outings. Other fields are enclosed in wire netting, and contain animals of different kinds.

On the hill above the house, we find Mr. Rhodes has collected quite a menagerie. Baboons, with their apparently awkward bodies and awful faces, squat, chained to their posts. We are told

that the largest ones are as strong as six men. Here and there we see a little kennel, and near by a tall post — if we look around carefully we will likely see the monkey. In a long row of cages, nicely arranged for public view, we find foxes, wild cats, porcupines, and many of the little animals which are peculiar to South Africa. Also birds of different kinds, of which there is a fine



The Dutch Garden.

collection, comprising owls, pheasants, parrots, and canaries, in all their various colors and sizes. As we leave the cages and walk around the grounds, flocks of peacocks scurry through the trees, and a kangaroo is seen to rise as we approach his eating grounds. Ducks and geese, in strange varieties, are found on ponds, and as you pass through the grass you see the large oval form of a turtle. This is truly an interesting place, but we are not through yet. Climbing onto a higher road, we wend our way to

"Daniel's Land," the lion's den, where we find his majesty securely barred in heavy cages. They are fine specimens, three in all, and seem to be perfectly at home.

Shortly before the Boer war, when one of these lions was a cub, Mr. Rhodes unfortunately, but with the best of intent, sent



View of the Palace from the Grassy Slope.

it as a present to the late Paul Kruger, but which he promptly returned.

Groote Schuur can also boast of the nucleus of a zoo, and as we pass along the drives, we see in different enclosures, ugly gnus, graceful elands, koodoos, hartbeests, zebras, gemsboks, llamas, and ostriches. Some of these animals are quite tame, and will follow you as you go along the paths.

In one pretty, little, open place, we find what is called the "Summer House," a small, open structure of Grecian architecture, with an outside staircase to a flat roof, where one can go and obtain a splendid view of the valley lying below. We only leave this spot when we come upon an old, thatched-roof wind mill which was used in the early days for grinding grain, and which so clearly bears

the stamp of Holland that we cannot resist stopping and taking a picture of the scene. There you see the winnowing floor, the en-



The Summer House.

closure where the grain was thrown from the wagon to be threshed, and where little donkeys were driven round and round trampling upon it until the grain was separated from the straw, and had



The Old Wind Mill.

fallen to the bottom, where it was scraped up and then was ready to be ground.

As we wind along the many paths, and see the lilies, which grow profusely on every side, we find here and there quaint seats,

some made of heavy wood, others of masonry which is plastered, ornamented and whitened like unto the buildings.

When Mr. Rhodes had improved the premises, his first plan was to have large gates, fitted with locks, placed at various points, and put the keys to these gates in the hands of prominent and trustworthy citizens. But, although the locks were even fitted, the keys were never given out. He decided to leave the grounds open to the public, and trust to their appreciation of the place, giving



One of the Quaint Garden Seats.

only such instructions as forbidding dogs to be taken there, and people from plucking flowers or destroying property.

When we roam over this vast estate, we wonder if any other place could be more beautiful, and we admire the greatness of the statesman, colonizer, and philanthropist, who, like many others of great renown, died in the prime of life, but who was esteemed even more than a king.

16 Victoria Road, Woodstock, Cape Colony, Africa.

THOUGHTS, THE MASTER POWER.

BY GEORGE D. KIRBY.

"Pure thoughts and noble feelings lead to righteous acts, and by these we form good habits."

"When thou wishest to give thyself delight, think of the excellence of those who live with thee; for instance, of the energy of one, the modesty of another, the liberal kindness of a third."—*Marcus Aurelius*.

The expression found in Proverbs 23: 7, "For as a man thinketh, in his heart, so is he," not only embraces the whole of a man's being, but is so comprehensive as to reach out to every condition and circumstance of his life. A man is literally *what he thinks*, his character being a complete sum of all his thoughts. Thought begets habit; first by being encouraged, so that it becomes an *inclination*, which inclination leads to the performance of the act in that direction, and the act being repeated, soon forms a habit for good or evil, even as the master power, thought, was good or bad.

Inclination, brought about by repeated thought, is a leaning of the mind, feelings, preferences, will, disposition, more favorable to one thing than to another. It denotes the first movement towards an object. It is always at the command of the understanding; it is our duty, therefore, to suppress the first rising of any inclinations to extravagance, intemperance, or other irregularity. It is often necessary to restrain or even thwart the inclination. The wise parent or teacher, keeps watch over the first manifestations of evil, and "nips in the bud any vicious inclinations."

As the plant springs from, and could not be without, the seed, so every act of a man springs from the hidden seeds of thought, and could not have appeared without them. It is the

business, or duty, of each of us to exert all the influence we can for good, for we are each an integral part of the world in which we live. Of all the beautiful truths pertaining to the soul, which have been restored and brought to light in these last days, none is more fruitful of divine promise and confidence than this: that man is the master of thought, the moulder of character, and the maker and shaper of condition, destiny and environment. Good environment creates good inclinations.

One of the best ways of creating pure thoughts, and thereby promulgating pure habits, is to say all the good possible of our neighbors, and to believe nothing against them except on the best authority, to avoid all tale-bearing, and report nothing which may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to conceal it.

Good thoughts and actions can never produce bad results; bad thoughts and actions can never produce good results. This is but saying that nothing can come from corn but corn, nothing from nettles but nettles.

We understand this in the natural world, and work accordingly, but few understand it from a moral point of view, and therefore do not co-operate with it. Even the weakest, the humblest, should remember that in our daily course, we can, if we will, shed around us a little heaven. Kindly words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding others, sensitiveness, pure thoughts—these cost very little, but they are priceless in their value. And let none flatter themselves that evil thoughts cherished for a time can be easily given up by and by. This is not so. Every evil thought cherished, weakens the character and strengthens habit; and physical, mental and moral depravity is the result. You may repent of the evil thoughts you have had, and set your feet in right paths, but the mold of your mind, and your familiarity with evil, will make it difficult for you to distinguish between right and wrong. Through the wrong habits formed, Satan will assail you again and again. Thus, actions repeated form habits, habits form character, and by the character our destiny for time and eternity is decided.

Man is a growth by law, and not a creation by artifice; and cause and effect are as absolute and undeviating in the hidden realm of thought as in the world of visible and material things. A

noble and God-like character is not a thing of favor or chance, but a natural result of continued effort in right thinking, the effect of long-cherished association with God-like thoughts. An ignoble and bestial character, by the same process, is the result of the continued harboring of groveling thoughts. Man is made or unmade by himself; in the armory of thought he forges weapons by which he destroys himself; he also fashions the tools with which he builds heavenly mansions of joy, and strength, and peace. By the right choice and true application of thought, man ascends to the divine perfection; by the abuse and wrong application of thought, he descends below the level of the beast. Between these two extremes are all the grades of character, and man is the maker and master.

Sugar City, Idaho.

EDNA TIDE.

(For the Improvement Era.)

'Twas like a frail midsummer flower,
That blushed and faded in an hour,

Amid the blaze and heat of day,
That thou didst flower and fade away.

To show amid eternity
That we had learned to cherish thee,

Take back to the celestial bowers
The spirits of these lily flowers

That dot thy grave, like flakes of snow—
Sweet symbols of the flower below.

When our life's sun sinks in the west—
When day is o'er, to share thy rest,

We'll gather slowly to thy side,
Sweet little stranger, Edna Tide;

And wake with thee, when night is gone,
At the first blushing of the dawn.

THEO. E. CURTIS.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

ROMANCE OF A MISSIONARY.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "THE CASTLE BUILDER," ETC.

IV.

IN THE POLICE COURT.

When Elders Donaldson and Dean returned to their city lodgings, Monday afternoon, they found a note from Mrs. Loring, asking them to call as soon as possible. Elder Donaldson had a previous appointment, but as the request appeared urgent, Willard said he would go alone.

He found his way down among the dirty streets, late in the afternoon. As the day was not warm, not many children were in the streets, but there were a good many bad-looking men and women reeling homeward under the influence of drink. As Willard got to the corner where he turned into the by-street, in which Mrs. Loring lived, he saw a drunken man lying on the sidewalk. A little ten-year-old girl was tugging at him, trying her best to get him upon his feet. She was barefooted and bare-headed, and, as she leaned over the man and tried with her puny strength to help him up, her disheveled hair hung over her face and became wet with the tears that were streaming from her eyes.

"Dad," the little girl cried, "get up. The cop is surely comin'—and he'll get ye, and put ye in jail. O dad!" she pleaded, as she tugged "get up. Grandma's home is just around the corner—just try. Won't some of you help me?" she begged of the passers by.

But no one offered to help. The people went by with a grin or a shrug, or an uninterested look. At last one young fellow

took hold of the man's arm and raised him up. "Better try to get him in somewhere," said he, "as it will mean five shillings to the poor devil."

"Right around the corner," said the girl eagerly. "O, help me take him in!"

The girl looked up and down the street, fearing the approach of a policeman any minute. The drunken father was dragged a few steps, and then he fell again. Then, sure enough, up the street was seen a policeman, sauntering along. When the child caught sight of him, she frantically renewed her efforts to get her father out of sight. Willard stood looking on with peculiar feelings. His heart ached for the child, but what could he do to help? It was all so strange to him, that he could do nothing but stand in a sort of grewsome fascination and watch the proceedings.

Slowly the big man in blue uniform came down the street. He, no doubt, had seen the drunken man, and he wanted to give him a chance to get away. His duty was to take drunken people off the streets to jail, but he did not go into the houses for them. If those who were trying to get this fellow off the streets would succeed, it would relieve him of an unpleasant duty; and so the policeman was very slow in his walk, and even stopped a number of times to look into shop windows. But at last he reached the group which stood around the drunken man and the girl, and then he had to do his duty. He waited a few minutes until he could hail another policeman, and then the two dragged the helpless man to the police station near by. The little girl sat down on a doorstep crying as if her heart would break.

Willard still lingered. Soon the street was cleared, and the little girl was alone. The scene was such a common occurrence that it was soon over and forgotten. Presently the little girl arose and went along the street. Willard followed. She turned in at Mrs. Loring's door, and so did Willard.

Mrs. Loring met them both as they entered.

"O, grandma, they have taken dad to prison again," the little girl cried.

"Her mother is already there," said the woman to Willard. "It is quite a common occurrence for one of them to be there, but it is not often that both are there together."

"And the children?" asked the young man, realizing their condition. "What becomes of them?"

"They come to me. Nora and I take care of them the best we can." She gave him a seat.

"You got my note, did you?" she asked.

"Yes; we have been away for a few days, having just arrived home this afternoon."

"Well, you may think it strange, Mr. Dean, why I sent to see you; but the truth is, I don't hardly know myself. I don't see how you can help us, and yet I felt as though you could help in some way."

The young man was at a loss to know what to do or say. Presently two more children—a boy and a girl—came in, and their grandmother sent the three out into the back yard to play until they should be called. Then Nora came home. She had heard and was angry; but when she saw Willard she restrained herself. She shook hands with him and apologized for the condition which he had found them in.

"It must be humiliating to find such relatives," she said.

Willard could not deny that, so he said nothing. The children were soon called in and given something to eat in the side room, and then they were told to be quiet until bed time. Willard talked with the two women for some time, comforting them as best he could, and when he arose to go, they thanked him for his visit. Would he come again?"

"Certainly," said he. "When will your son and his wife be home again."

"They will come before the judge in the morning, and likely they will get seven days," replied the mother.

The next morning, Elders Donaldson and Dean called at the police station. They were acquainted with one of the inspectors, and he took them behind the railing in the court room and gave them seats where they could see and hear well. There were three court rooms, and cases were being tried in each. They were told that as many as three hundred cases were sometimes disposed of in a day. The hall leading into the court rooms was crowded with people who had been summoned to appear for trial or as witnesses, and among them were friends who would help to liberty those who

could not pay a fine. The crowd was indeed a study in all sorts and conditions of men and women, and especially women, for they were in the majority.

The two elders spent most of the time in the room devoted to the "drunks" and other minor offenders. In the centre of the room there was a stairway leading from the prison below, and this was crowded with men and women. The judge sat on a raised platform at one end of the room; the attorneys were in front of him, below; while at the back were twenty-five or thirty uniformed policemen. These were witnesses.

As a woman was called, someone from among the prisoners stepped out from the top of the stairs and walked up to an iron railing facing the judge. The charge was then read, and a policeman was called to the witness stand. After being sworn, he raised the Bible to his lips, and then as briefly as possible stated the case against the prisoner. Then the judge asked, "Well, what about that?" at which the prisoner usually muttered some excuse, or advanced a faint plea for mercy. The prisoner's former police court record was then read aloud for the information of the judge, and sentence was pronounced, which usually consisted of a fine of five or ten shillings, or in lieu thereof imprisonment for seven or fourteen days. The better class of prisoners came in at the side entrance, having been out on bail. They usually paid their fine on the spot, and departed.

The proceedings seemed to be a monotonous grind to most of the people present, but not so to the two "Mormon" missionaries. Grind there certainly was—the stairs from the prison below seemed to be on an endless chain, which was propelled by some unseen machine—but all this, instead of being monotonous was intensely interesting to the two young men.

The work went on rapidly. There was no time for extended remarks from anyone. Ofttimes the judge would cut short the prisoner's story by pronouncing sentence, and the condemned would be hustled from the dock down another stairway to a room below. By ones and twos and threes, they came. Five men were arranged in a row and sentenced at once. Then came an old woman. Her hair was gray. She had it smoothly combed that morning, and her dress was clean and tidy. Willard got a good

look at her face. It was the face of a woman yet, though marked with years of dissipation. The young man's heart seemed to come up into his throat, and he felt that he could cry. A woman in such a condition and position, and especially an old woman, with wrinkled face, white hair and feeble limbs! She should have been sitting in an easy chair by the fire, or under the vines of the porch with her knitting, and with her grandchildren playing around her. Here was the most touchingly disharmonious scene that Willard Dean had ever witnessed.

The woman stood clinging to the iron bar, looking at the judge. The charge of drunkenness was read and testified to. "Twenty-two times before," announced the official who kept the record. The judge looked at the woman for an instant and then said, "This will not do. We shall have to place you where you cannot get drunk. We have given you a good many chances to reform, but without avail. Has the woman any relatives or friends present?"

A woman came forward to the railing, and said she was her daughter. The prisoner lived with her.

"Can you not keep liquor from her?" said the judge.

"We have tried and tried, your honor," was the reply, "but it is no use. She has a little money of her own coming to her each month, and she drinks this up. I've tried and tried for years, your honor, but—" with a great sob, "I've almost give up.—But,

—I'd like to try again, your honor—give her one more chance. I'll do my best."

There was a moment's pause in the court room, as if the hearts of all had been troubled. Then the judge said:

"I think it will be best if we put her away from temptation for awhile. Six months."

An officer took the old woman's arm and led her quietly away. The endless chain moved again, and two ugly, dirty young fellows stood on the top steps. They had been drunk and had been fighting. "Fourteen days," said the judge. They muttered vengeance on some one as they were hurriedly pushed away. Then came a girl, quite neatly dressed, her decorated hat conspicuous among the bare heads of the women. Her offense was more serious than being drunk, though it seemed the law placed it in the same list.

Willard looked into the face of the young girl—she couldn't have been more than eighteen—and appeared pure as he himself was, he could not understand. She seemed such a child!

The judge turned to a woman who sat within easy reach.

"Have you any request to make?" he asked her. "Do you know the prisoner?"

"Yes, I'll take care of her until tomorrow," was the reply.

It was so ordered, and the girl was told to sit down on a seat within the railing. The woman whispered something to her, but there seemed to be no change in the expressionless face.

The woman was a court missionary; one of a number of men and women who worked among the slums and the criminal class, and did what deeds of kindness and help that they were able. They visited the police court each day, and had a standing there. The judge often conferred with them, and usually granted them any request for a withholding of sentence, in order that they might try their kinder hand.

Next came a young woman with a babe wrapped in the shawl that covered her own shoulders. She had been found drunk in the street. She cried piteously when she stood at the bar, and did not look up at the judge. She was also handed over to the court missionary, who talked to her a few minutes, gave her a piece of money, and showed her out of the room.

Following her was another young woman. She had also been intoxicated and boisterous. Her husband came forward from among the crowd of policemen, paid her fine, and took her away.

"Thomas and Susan Loring," read the clerk, and the two stepped forward. Elder Donaldson looked at Willard, who was gazing fixedly at these, his distant kinsfolk. Sober and moderately clean as they were that morning, they were not a bad looking pair. The judge knew them, and he gave them a severe reprimand. They stood and humbly said, "Yes, your honor," and "No, your honor." This being the first time they had been there together their position was especially humiliating. They did not know that the well-dressed young man sitting a few feet away was their American relative. They were given seven days, or a fine of five shillings, and then they were sent down with the rest of the condemned.

"I've learned enough of this," whispered Willard to his companion, as they went out into the hall.

But their friend, the inspector, urged them to look through the prison, and as he offered to show them around, they accepted his kindness. They saw nothing peculiarly different from other jails in the stone cells and iron doors. This jail was for the transients only; the prison for long terms was out on the hills, some miles from the city.

Down in the big room below the court chamber, there was a crowd of condemned prisoners. A good many of them crowded around a big iron gate which led to the open. On the outside of this gate were also a good many people. The visitors were told that those on the outside were there to pay the fines of friends within, and thus secure their liberty. Some were standing conversing between the bars, others of the prisoners were eagerly looking to see if there were any helping friends without, while others knowing that there was no such help for them, walked moodily around the big room, or sat on the seats in the farthest corners.

In one of the small cells, which the inspector said was for boys, the visitors read, among many odd scribblings on the walls, this inscription: "Seven days for pinching a duck."

When they had made the round of the building, court was over, and the officers were accepting fines and releasing prisoners at the big gate. As they stood watching the proceedings, Willard saw Nora Loring in the crowd outside. The two elders withdrew, so that they could see, but not be seen. Nora stood with head bowed quietly waiting. When her turn came, she paid the money, ten shillings, and her brother and sister were free again. As far as the two elders could see or hear, Nora said not a word to them. They went their way, and she went hers.

"Ten shillings is a lot of money for Nora to pay," said Willard to his companion. "Think what labor, what sacrifice those ten shillings represent. Do those two released prisoners appreciate it?"

But the other could not answer.

They took the car for home, but rode by their lodgings out into the park.

"I want a change," said Willard.

It was early afternoon; and a beautiful day. The two young men strolled around for a short time, and then sat down on a bench by the fountain.



There is only a penny ride between the two extremes of life in an English city. The slums are at one end, with their narrow, dirty streets, and ugly, dirty houses; with their ugly, dirty people; with their poverty and their degradation. The park is at the other end of the penny ride, with its beautiful trees and flowers and walks; with its water and swans and pleasure boats; with its quiet and pure, balmy air; with its neatly dressed, pretty children playing on the grass; with its display of wealth and comfort and leisure: with its culture and refinement.



The English parks are in very deed oases in the desert, and the two "Mormon" elders could breathe freely again, as they sat and drank in the beauty of sight and sound around them.

"It's like coming from hell to heaven," said Willard.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LET EACH MAN LEARN TO KNOW HIMSELF.

(Reprinted by request from Vol. 3, Improvement Era.)

Let each man learn to know himself:
To gain that knowledge, let him labor,
Improve those failings in himself,
Which he condemned so in his neighbor.
How lenient our own faults we view,
And conscience' voice adeptly smother;
But oh! how harshly we review
The self-same errors in another.

And if you meet an erring one
Whose deeds are blamable or thoughtless,
Consider, ere you cast the stone,
If you yourself be pure and faultless.
Oh! list to that small voice within,
Whose whisperings oft make men confounded,
And trumpet not another's sin,
You'd blush deep if your own were sounded.

And in self-judgment, if you find,
Your deeds to others are superior,
To you has Providence been kind,
As you should be to those inferior;
Example sheds a genial ray
Of light, which men are apt to borrow;
So first, improve yourself today,
And then improve your friends tomorrow.

THOUGHTS OF A FARMER.

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER.

IV —BY-PRODUCTS.

In the great manufacturing industries of the world, the practice has grown up of putting to financial account what are commonly called the by-products, those trimmings and incidental accretions popularly known as waste. In the slaughter-yards, there are no longer wastes. In the cotton and woolen factories, everything is put to some account, and thus the by-products represent today many millions of dollars in the manufacturing world.

The farmer has had to learn to put to valuable account the by-products of the farm, and hence there has grown up the term known as mixed farming. There is waste wheat and broken seeds for the chickens; he sometimes has frost-bitten grain for the pigs; and if his crop does not mature, it may make feed for his cattle. In short, he has learned in mixed farming to turn to good account that which might otherwise be a partial or even total loss. It is true, he relies upon a main crop, a crop from which he figures in the end his principal profits. He realizes, however, certain dangers, and he foresees a certain amount of waste against which he seeks to fortify himself by introducing some means of utilizing all the by-products of the farm. It not unfrequently happens that the by-products, after all, represent the real gain which comes from mixed farming.

So it is in the affairs of our moral and intellectual natures. In college, we have our major and minor studies. In our social and family life, we have our grand ideals and common-place duties. They constitute a sort of mixed morals, so that no matter how grand a man's ideals are, no matter how wonderful his projects are, it often happens that the real gains to his moral nature come from the little things, the common-place duties of life. There are

by-products in our intellectual and moral natures that have to be worked over to be utilized in order to make our lives profitable to ourselves and to others.

The man who figures out the workings of human nature, as he figures out the workings of a machine, and makes no allowance for peculiarities and personalities, will be very greatly disappointed. The man, however, who can put to good account individual traits, and who can make allowance for human weaknesses, and turn them all to good account, is an economist in human nature.

It has not been many years since we threw into great heaps products of the factory and the farm, products which we considered useless. It is the glory of the new age that we can put these waste products to some profitable use which hitherto had not entered our imaginations.

According to the human theories of life, there are vast heaps of waste human nature in which we can see no possible earthly good. We throw every year into these great waste piles, human traits, personal oddities, moral obliquities, and shortcomings which we can turn to no useful account. We may realize some day in human nature, what we have found out in the economies of life, that we are throwing away every year millions that might be utilized for the advancement and happiness of humanity.

Victor Hugo writes of the millions which the sewers of Paris carry annually into the sea. If these millions, represented in the sewers of Paris, were allowed to accumulate unused; they would represent millions of loss, and an alarming increase of mortality.

What, after all, are many of the moral shortcomings of men and women but misdirected energies,—energies which a divine economy might put to a good account? We call these shortcomings a moral waste, and the energies which produce all this waste we run into the sewers, and from the sewers into the sea. The idea seems to prevail that that which is not apparently desirable we must get rid of altogether, as though it had no use in any form. He, therefore, who invents the best uses for the by- and waste-products of human life must be esteemed a benefactor to his race. If we would do a little mixed farming in our human associations, we would find more wealth in human nature than we ever dreamed of.

Alberta. Canada.

HOW ADVANTAGES, TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL, ARE LOST.

BY JAMES DUNN.

Order is said to be heaven's first law, but it was doubtless punctuality that brought that order about. The order of man is too much of a comparative term, while the order of heaven is without a flaw, whether in the motion of the planets above, or in the changes that are forever taking place in this world below. Every 21st day of June we have our longest day, just as on every 21st day of December the shortest day of the year appears. It comes punctually to the very shadow of a recording line.

We know that such punctuality is impossible with man; and also that it is the persistent carelessness of man that keeps him so far behind. Because of this trait, we lose many blessings and advantages, so much needed to help us on in this second probation of ours.

I heard a good man assert not long ago that he had wasted two years of his precious life waiting on other people to keep their promised word with him. But my own experience would compel me to extend the time even beyond two years.

Days and days have been wasted for all of us in waiting on people to keep their appointments with us; not only has our own time been wasted, but the time of workers under us has been thrown away as well as ours.

Some people have a notion that it is immaterial whether they keep their promises or not, since they are of such little consequence in this world, anyway, that a failing on their part does not matter much. In many cases that may be so, but that is one potent reason why they are branded as "good for nothings." They

care so little for their own promises that none can trust them in the smallest matter. But there is no honor in possessing such a character as that; and had they been as prompt and punctual in keeping their promises as they have been in neglecting their duties, they might have taken their places in the front ranks of progress.

Punctuality is not only a virtue, but in the present state of society it is a stern necessity in all men, no matter whether they are servants or masters. References need not be made to the lives of distinguished men to prove this fact. The observations of every man is proof enough. Every thoughtful person can see hundreds of blessings that are lost to individuals and to families every day in every community, for the want of punctuality.

Order and punctuality bring many advantages. I knew a worker in tools who could go into his work shop on the darkest hour of the night, and pick up any tool he wanted; and if it was not there, he knew some person had been using the tool, and had not returned it to its proper place. On the other hand, I know dozens of men who never have a place for anything, and who thereby lose valuable time in hunting for tools they used only an hour before. They even go so far as to accuse some of their family for having removed the article they were in search of; and, in some instances, children have been punished for offenses which were the results of these persons' own carelessness.

Thousands of people are suffering untold agony every day from stomach trouble brought on by the lack of punctuality in eating their meals. Indigestion is, therefore, well nigh becoming a universal complaint. But many have been cured of that disease by returning to a set time for taking their meals and adhering to it. The cure has been effected when all other treatment has failed.

But what about the many spiritual blessings that this virtue may bring to us? According to the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, punctuality is an important factor in bringing blessings to the assemblies of the Saints. The Prophet taught that when an hour is appointed for the meeting of the Saints, the angels will be there, but if the meeting does not begin at the time appointed, the angels leave, as they have no time to idle away, waiting on the tardiness of mortals. If the presence of the angels

is a blessing, then we lose that blessing when we fail to be punctual to the appointed hour of meeting.

And, oh! how many blessings must have been lost in some of the wards of the Church, and in some of the Quorums of the Priesthood, because of tardiness in commencing meetings, at the appointed hour! In each persons' own experience, the time of starting meetings has been so delayed that his own mortal patience has become completely exhausted, and he has left, thus losing blessings that always come from the instructions and counsels of the Priesthood so mercifully provided by our Father in heaven.

Tooele, Utah.

STRIVE WITH SELF.

(For the Improvement Era.)

'Tis with self we should strive.
'Tis the pledge that we keep,
And the vows we hold true;
The ideals we aim at,
And keep in our view;
'Tis the virtue we foster,
The vice we condemn,
The example we set,
For the guidance of men;
'Tis the deed of the hour,
The plan of the day,—
That time is recording
And storing away.
Thus seal we our own fate,
And write we our doom,
And pave we our own way,
From cradle to tomb.

SARAH E. MITTON.

Paradise, Utah.

GUARDIANSHIP IN RELIGION- AND OTHER CLASSES.

BY PROF. A. M. MERRILL, PRINCIPAL OF THE CASSIA
STAKE ACADEMY.

And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?

And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.

There was little need for Cain to ask the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" for he now began to realize the fearful responsibility he had assumed in taking the life that he could not restore. He stood absolutely helpless and hopeless before his terrible crime. "And he was cursed from the earth" which had opened up her mouth to receive his brother's blood.

We may keep our hands clean from our brother's blood, but it were not an easy thing in life to so live that no man's sin shall cry up from the ground against us. To a greater extent than most of us realize, we are all "our brothers' keepers," and we are more or less responsible for their reaping the wages of sin, or of enjoying the fruits of life eternal.

Life brings to each and all great and fearful responsibilities. We act and react upon one another—in fact, upon all with whom we come in contact—and consequently become spongers, in a measure, for the conduct of all. If one would shirk the responsibility of guardianship, he must, perforce, isolate himself, because he cannot live with others without exercising an influence for good or ill over them. "No star ever rose and set without having influence somewhere." No human being ever lived without influencing those with whom he lived.

The more people with whom he comes in contact, then, the

closer the association he forms, and the more intelligence and wisdom, or learning and folly, that he brings as an individual, into these associations, the greater the responsibility devolving upon him.

The conscientious Latter-day Saint who realizes the great number of acquaintanceships he naturally forms, in a lifetime, during these modern days of commingling of races, peoples and nations; who senses how intimate his relations in business, social, and religious life are, under present day customs; and who appreciates, in part, the wondrous light and intelligence, the unprecedented blessings God has, in his mercy, showered upon him—must of necessity stand, at times, almost appalled before the duties and responsibilities that are his. Yet he must not shirk nor cower, but he must go forth with a brave heart, with a just and holy fear of God, and faithfully discharge the duties and responsibilities as they daily come to his hands.

And those who, like Abraham and Moses, receive a divine call to act in the holy office of a “teacher,” in any of the organizations that God has established in his Church in these days, must sense far more deeply these grave responsibilities, and must strive so much the harder to discharge them honorably.

When one receives the “call” to be a teacher in the Church, he is not then simply a follower of Christ, but he joins hands with him— is one with him, divinely called and chosen to the greatest and holiest of callings. The supreme object of his life must then be to lead all men back to God. If he permit one to escape, without having put forth his every effort to save him, then is he as leader and as teacher responsible and under condemnation.

Some have accused Christ of having been an “enthusiast,” a “zealot,” and we that understand his mission are glad indeed that such accusation can justly be made, for verily it was enthusiasm and zeal that were needed in his work; and which must characterize the labors of those who would be co-workers with him. To bring about his righteous purposes, must be the teacher’s constant thought by day, and his only dream by night.

This only means, as I understand it, TO HAVE THE SPIRIT OF THE WORK. To have the spirit of Christ’s work is the key to success in all of the callings of the Church. The humble elder in the

field who has this needs have no fear of results. -The laborer at home, in any calling, whether it be as president of a stake or as an honored teacher in a religion class, needs little else but the *spirit of his work*.

This, then, will in and of itself readily solve all the problems of "Guardianship in Religion Class Work," the subject assigned me; so that the introduction to my subject becomes at once its body and its conclusion. The religion class superintendent and his teachers, each and all having the Spirit of Christ in their hearts, go out in search for the sheep of Israel, and if it be within their power they will see to it that not one is lost. When they find any that are weak, or worn, or weary, they will see to it that they are given the proper care and nourishment to bring them back in good condition into the fold.

I have a sort of feeling that this guardianship work, in the religion classes, will yet serve to open the eyes of the blind and faint-hearted teachers in the other organizations in the Church, to the fact that teaching a class of boys and girls in the Church, is not simply hearing a recitation, once a week, under more or less favorable circumstances, but that it means a perpetual instructorship and guardianship—a whole-souled interest, and the manifestation of a devoted love during the seven days—every one of the one hundred and sixty-eight hours of the week. Teaching in the Church must mean no less than this. In the public school, the teacher is considered more or less *loco parentis*, and in the gospel school, he must be far more so.

If the boys and girls are to be really ours during two or five hours of the religion class period, they must be no less ours during the remainder of the time. We must have always that tender solicitude for them that Christ has for us. We must visit them in their homes; we must mingle with them in their social amusements; we must interest ourselves in the things in which they are interested; we must salute them in the street and in the field, and by precept and example teach them what it is to have the Spirit of Christ in our breasts, and what it means to enjoy communion with playmates, friends, brothers, sisters, and teachers in the Church of Christ.

Oakley, Idaho.

AN OPINION ON HOME AND OTHER FICTION.

BY SARAH E. PEARSON.

[A friend presents this compliment: "Long live the ERA. With the exception of a third class story, once in a while, it is quite the best magazine the Church has ever published. The world can beat us at yarns; our strength is in the truth." Realizing that supplying stories is an important matter, and knowing that the ERA is constantly importuned to print more, we referred the above statement to the writer, and she has given this opinion on home and other fiction. In passing, we wish to say that the ERA is looking for stories of achievement, action, and inspiration. They should illustrate the positive, not the negative, the good in life, not the bad. Life is too short for any person to spend time in patterning after the weak, the transgressor, the fallen; better imitate the strong, the upright, the virtuous; better know what to do, than what not to do.—EDITORS.]

This question of fiction is a big subject, and cannot be set aside in a few words. If our own stories are often crude, they are, at least, harmless; but space in such a very excellent magazine as the ERA cannot be yielded to merely negative qualities, its aim being an active campaign of righteousness.

I have taken pains the last few months to find out what my neighbors read. You would be appalled at the food offered for relaxation of the mind. In some country towns, where reading matter is at a premium, three families out of four took the little thirty-five-cent-a-year with-a-chromo-thrown-in magazines, or story papers.

I expostulated with some of the mothers for admitting such stuff, and they said they took them for fancy-work patterns; but I noticed the children read them.

We were on the Government works at Corbett for a few months, and used to exchange our books and magazines with one another in a neighborly fashion, all up and down the canyon. I

also took note, in traveling back and forth on the cars and on the stage, of what people preferred to read by what they bought, not borrowed. In the canyon, it was a little of everything, much of it standard, but always fiction. My *Review of Reviews*, *Collier's Weekly*, or *What the World is Doing* went begging. Mixed magazines, *i. e.*, containing useful articles on current topics, as well as fiction, were read—for the stories.

In traveling to Utah, I always noticed the titles of papers and magazines read *en route*, on the theory of "judge a man by the books he reads;" after I got here we took furnished rooms, and I found a number of odd magazines in the book case. I carried the investigation a little farther, and exchanged magazines with a number of the neighbors up and down. In four times out of five, taken all through, I found them to be all-story magazines, the *Argosy*, or the *Popular*, in most cases, stories without pith, without point, without wit, and without morals; and I have come to the conclusion that one of the devil's right hand men is the vicious story paper.

There are two things we might do to raise the standard of taste in fiction, publish an all-story magazine of our own, for one thing; and arrange through the M. I. Associations for traveling libraries of some of the very best works of fiction with which everybody is expected to be familiar, for the other.

And to the last I would surely add some of the best biographies, the *Faith Promoting Series*, for instance, and the *Life of Heber C. Kimball*. I could almost speak of *all* fiction with contempt in comparison with the last named. No one ever gets up from it with that heart-sinking conviction of time wasted; on the contrary, the soul bears glad witness that the mind, the spirit has been in good company. I have read and forgotten many a novel, but I will never forget the Faith Promoting books I used to read to my foster-mother. She would wake me from the dreamless sleep of childhood with the request, sometimes, that I sing to her, or, at others, that I read to her, for she could not sleep. And if Saul enjoyed hearing the music, David certainly enjoyed making it; and they have carried their life-long conviction of faith and comfort.

So, summing it all up, if we must read fiction, at times, let it be the best, and let us make the best easier to get at, for God

knows the bad is everywhere present, and falls into our hand at the touch, like an over-ripe peach.

And when we write truth, let us strive with all our hearts to make it as attractive as possible, not to ape fiction but to take the lead.

The normal mind cannot help regarding truth with more favor than can be given the most brilliant display of imagination; and truth, in its most sacred aspect, never suffers in comparison, though its plainness and beauty may suffer in *association*, with error.

Here is a case in point. We visited the moving picture rendition of the Passion Play. Some parts of it—the *true* parts—given in the Bible narrative, were touching and beautiful. It could be elaborated along legitimate lines to make one of the most sublime and instructive of all exhibitions, yet the grandest climaxes were spoiled by the introduction of some foolish tradition, which would give us such a jolt from the sublime to the ridiculous as to make us giggle, while the tears were streaming down our faces and dropping off our chins.

The sectarian idea of an angel which resembled nothing in heaven or on earth made us sigh, "Oh, for the graceful, flowing, white robes, the majesty, the dignity of a Moroni, to offset that sorrowful, suffering figure of Christ!"

The Passion Play from a "Mormon" point of view,—from a Bible point of view, would preach such a sermon to the world "as the philosophy of man never dreamed of," because it would be truth, Eternal Truth, and nothing but Truth!

Ogden, Utah.

On the 28th of July, President Rufus K. Hardy, of the New Zealand mission, dedicated a new meetinghouse at Waahi, Waikato. The chapel is 24x36 feet, and has a seating capacity of 200; the interior, so we learn from the *Messenger*, is very artistically and comfortably finished. At the entrance of the building is a tower, giving the structure a neat appearance. Elder David M. Taylor was the architect and builder, and was assisted by Elders Erick P. Christensen, Wm. D. Walton and George W. Tanner. These elders assisted in raising funds as well as in the erection and finishing of the building. The native elders and Saints donated liberally for the structure which was entirely free from debt at its dedication.

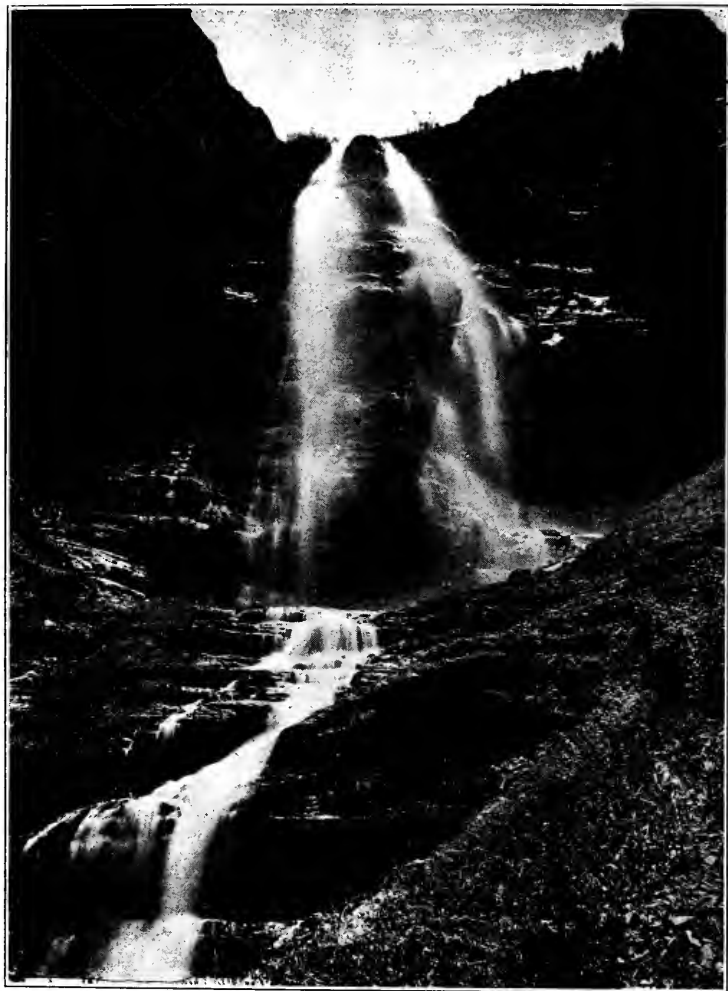


Photo by C. R. Savage.

Wasatch Mountains—Bridal Veil Falls, Provo Canyon, Utah.

THE WORLD'S GREAT RELIGIONS.

BY PROFESSOR LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.

II.

BUDDHISM.

There is a strange mysticism to all oriental religions. The importance of the practical side of life is lost in the contemplation of the hereafter. Buddhism is thoroughly oriental. It has come down to us as a religion of the "Ego," and is devoid of that beautiful altruism that is the fundamental ethical doctrine of Christianity. Buddhism, however, has been the great rival of Christianity, and it numbers more followers today than any other religion known to man. It has been pushed from the land of its birth, and has become the religion of Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, and many other Asiatic nations.

The founder of Buddhism was one Gautama or Siddhartha, a prince of the royal house of Oude, a province of India. He was born about 590 B. C., and tradition tells us that he was a precocious child, and grew up under the influence of kind and gentle teachers. His boyhood days were spent in communing with nature, and dreaming away the hours by the side of mountain streams and in the glens of the Himalayas. Manhood found him possessed of delicate feelings, and a fine sympathy for every living thing. But his soul was mystified and, like all great thinkers, he began to ponder on the meaning of life, and the end of human existence. He had that repose of life necessary for a great creative energy, and each day found him ready for a terrific struggle for that which, to him, was the solution of those questions that had long agitated his soul. He married young. After the birth of a boy, he left

the royal palace, sought the woods, and for six years, he lived a life of solitude. He had questioned the priests of Brahm, but their teachings only darkened his mind, and independent and alone, he threw himself into an ascetic state of mind, and after months of struggle, found himself in a state of enlightenment. He had become a Buddha.*

Benares was then the principal city of India. It was a sacred place and there the Brahmans had built their temples and holy shrines. It was there that Gautama began his life's work of reform. He opposed bitterly the caste system among the Brahmans, and condemned their rituals and ceremonies. His was a pure ethics, teaching that the individual soul is finally absorbed into *Nirvana*, or the ultimate essence of the man. This is an extraordinary idea, and hard for us western people to understand. It was a sort of transcendentalism which at least tends to a purification of soul. Gautama died in the city of Benares, and though his body was burned, his ashes were sacredly kept for ages, and to this day, in one of the temples of Siam, the curious traveler is shown the silver casket that contains one of his teeth.

Buddhism in one sense is not a religion. It is a system of ethics. While the Brahman taught that everything is God, and the ultimate outcome of existence is God, the Buddhist maintained that man himself becomes the supreme, or the Nirvana, through work and self-denial. The Buddhist practiced asceticism as a means to an end—emancipation, purification, knowledge. "But not the knowledge that means the recollection of outward facts," remarks Mr. Clarke, "but intuitive knowledge, or the sight of eternal truth." He would at last see truth: he would be the man who knew, or the Buddha. Buddhism taught the existence of three worlds. First, the absolute world of eternal being, or the Nirvana, of which we know nothing. Second, the celestial world of the gods, Brahma, Indra, etc.; and third, the finite world, consisting of individuals and the laws of nature. To be emancipated from our

* Mr. James Freeman Clarke, in his *Ten Great Religions*, points out the fact that Buddha is not a proper name, but an official title. Just as we ought not to say Jesus Christ, but always Jesus, the Christ, so we should say Gautama, the Buddha.

material life on earth is to understand nature's laws, and to live in complete harmony with them. There are four sublime truths that lie at the foundation of Buddhism. "First. All existence is evil, because all existence is subject to change and will pass away. Second. The source of evil is the desire for things that are to decay and pass away. Third. This desire, and the evil which follows it, are not inevitable; for if we choose, we can arrive at Nirvana, when both shall wholly cease. Fourth. There is a fixed and certain method to adopt, by pursuing which we attain this end, without possibility of failure."* Sublime faith is this last truth. In fact, faith is the fundamental of Buddhism, and has been the cause of its wonderful growth.

Though Buddhism is very mystical and idealistic, it may be said to be practical as well. I am told by a Persian writer and lecturer, who was educated in the United States, that the Buddhists are very tolerant, and it is considered a great sin to speak ill of one's neighbor. The ideal of the Buddhist is purification, and a cleanliness of all words spoken or written. All this presupposes clean thought, for the religious devotee of this system believes that every act, thought, and word entails consequences in the world to come. This is *Karma*, or the law of consequences. Karma acts until the individual reaches *Nirvana*, or the perfect man.

Professor Max Muller has translated many of the sermons of the old masters of Buddhism, sermons in which have been preserved the pure doctrines of Gautama himself. In the *Dhammapada*, or *Collection of Truths*, we find many of the teachings which show us what the foundation of Buddhism is:

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him as the wheel follows the foot of an ox that draws the carriage, but if a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him.

Earnestness is the path that leads to escape from death; thoughtlessness is the path that leads to death. Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are

* From James Freeman Clarke's *Ten Great Religions*. Much of this article is also taken from Prof. Dr. Edmund Hardy's *Buddha*.

thoughtless are as if dead already. Long is the night to him who is awake, long is the mile to him who is tired; long is life to the foolish.

There is no suffering for him who has finished his journey and abandoned grief, who has freed himself from all sides, and thrown off the fetters.

Some people are born again; evil deers go to hell; righteous people go to heaven; those who are free from all earthly desires attain Nirvana.

He who, seeking his own happiness, punishes or kills beings that also long for happiness, will not find happiness after death.

Better than going to heaven, better than lordship over all worlds, is the reward of entering the stream of holiness.

Not to commit any sin, to do good, and to purify one's mind, that is the teaching of the Buddhas.

Let us live happily, not hating those who hate us; let us live happily, though we call nothing our own. We shall be like bright gods feeding on happiness.—*Quoted by Dr. Edward Washburn Hopkins. Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Bryn Mawr College.*

Among the Buddhists as well as the Roman Catholics, there was developed a monastic system which has had a wonderful effect in preserving the original doctrines of Gautama. As stated before, the Buddhistic religion or system of ethics demanded a complete realization of self, and it therefore engendered a love for one's self, and a desire to throw off the world and all materiality, and pass into a state of complete rest. Men became hermits or anchorites. They went to the forests and desert wastes, and lived a life of solitude. Some writers tell us that the monastic system of Europe originated among the Hindoo people. Life was realized in completely mastering the senses, and freeing the mind from carnal thoughts. As Professor Santayana, of Harvard University, has put it: "The goal of Buddhism is not some more flattering incarnation, but escape from incarnation altogether. Ignorance is to be enlightened, passion calmed, mistaken destiny revoked; only what the inmost being desiderates, only what can really quiet the longings embodied in any particular will, is to occupy the redeemed mind."* The fanaticism of the priests and poor monks led to idolatry and superstition, and about the year 800, A. D., Buddhism was pushed out of India by the better doctrine of Hinduism, and made its way into more eastern nations, as China and Japan.

* George Santayana, *The Life of Reason*.

Buddhism has played a wonderful part in the history of the world. It was adapted to the people where it grew, and in one sense was divine. Those people of the Ganges and Indus valleys could not have seen and understood Christ and him crucified. Buddhism played its part, and is still acting as a great influence on the intellectual development of Asiatic peoples. The race is going to come to a knowledge of the truth in many different ways; and the clean, pure doctrine of Buddhism will prepare millions of people for the understanding of the laws of God. Edwin Arnold, author of *The Light of Asia*, tells us that "Buddhism has not only the sense for righteousness, but has even the 'secret of Jesus.'"

Professor Santayana has also added:

Buddhists seem to have shown a finer sense of their ministry, knowing how to combine universal sympathy with perfect spirituality. There was no brow-beating in their call to conversion, no new tyranny imposed or sanctioned by their promised deliverance. If they could not rise to a positive conception of natural life, this inability but marks the well known limitations of oriental fancy, which has never been able to distinguish steadily that imagination which rests on and expresses material life from that which, in its import, breaks loose from the given conditions of life altogether, and is therefore monstrous and dreamful. But at least Buddhism knew how to sound the heart and pierce to the genuine principles of happiness and misery. If it did not venture to interpret reason positively, it at least forbade to usurp its inward and autonomous authority, and did not set up in the name of salvation, some new partiality, some new principle of distress and illusion. In destroying worldliness, this religion avoided imposture. The clearing it made in the soul was soon overgrown by the inexorable Indian jungle; but had a virile intellect been at hand, it would have been free to raise something solid and rational in the space so happily swept clean of all accumulated rubbish. -

At the present time, we find the purest Buddhism in Ceylon. The monastic system there is well developed, and thousands of mendicants go about the country, and into other lands, teaching that through one's will, and faith in the power of one's soul, one may pass into the boundless "glory or light" of Nirvana.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE BOY PROBLEM.

BY DR. E. G. GOWANS, JUDGE OF THE JUVENILE COURT.

II—SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR ITS SOLUTION.

Looking this problem squarely in the face, it would seem that one of the most important factors in its solution is a better preparation for parenthood. A high conception of parenthood demands that we look upon it as a profession as well as a duty to ourselves and the race; and if it be regarded as a profession, there should be had by everyone entering upon it an adequate preparation for its duties and responsibilities.

The preparation which we make for other professions is long and tedious. If a young man desires to follow the profession of medicine, for example, after having finished the public school work, he applies himself to high school work for a period of four years; then spends at least two years in a college of liberal arts, before he is prepared to begin the study of medicine. The medical course itself extends over four years, and is usually supplemented by a year or two of hospital work, and then our young man is prepared to undertake the work of looking after the health of a few of his fellows.

The same may be said of the law, teaching, engineering, architecture, and other professions.

Now if it be necessary to make such an elaborate preparation for one of these professions, is it not far more necessary to make a proper preparation for that greater profession of parenthood? This certainly would seem to be a legitimate conclusion.

Our system of education is at fault in not furnishing the right kind of educational preparation. It is possible for a young man

to have reached maturity and passed successively through the elementary school, the high school, and the university, and to be told by his *alma mater* that he is now prepared for life, and yet have received absolutely no instruction in the most vital of all subjects—human nature—the study of the most perfect work of the Divine Creator. The result is that so far as school education is concerned, the great majority of men and women, almost all, indeed, enter upon their marital careers with no conception whatever of the duties and responsibilities of parenthood. Our educational system is such that in the so-called preparation for life men come to know more of stocks and bonds than of boys and girls; more of merchandise than they do of human development. Women know more of political economy than of domestic art; more of the dead languages than of the language of child-life; more of “useless abstractions than of the forces that go to make character.”

Why should not the schools provide instruction in anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and embryology—the subjects which put the student in possession of the vital facts of life and nature? Why should there not be provided for both men and women plain, unambiguous instruction in the science of sex? Why should the general culture courses in our high schools and colleges not provide opportunities to become familiar with the study of psychology and the period of adolescence? And further, why should not women—all women—have an opportunity to qualify themselves for home-making, by pursuing such subjects as household chemistry, household bacteriology, dietetics, cookery, household management, the care of the sick, the care and rearing of children, and the various other subjects which when applied to daily living reduce household work from drudgery, and transform even the humblest house into a home? This matter of home-making is a vital part of the work of parenthood.

Not many parents have given attention to, or are interested in, such subjects as the growth of children, the development of their organs, and the parents' duties in supplying conditions favorable thereto; the diseases of body and mind to which children are subject, and the possibilities of doing preventive work in this important field; the reasons for the moral offenses of children and how to prevent them, the sexual development of boys and girls, and what

instructions should be given to the boy by his father, and to the girl by her mother; the demand for physical adroitness, the kinds of books to supply at different stages of development, etc.

Careful study of each one of these subjects should be considered as a necessary part of one's preparation for parenthood, and those who have already assumed, or are about to assume, or hope to assume, the responsibilities of this great profession should seek to qualify themselves along these lines.

Now, while the proper preparation for parenthood will not give us a complete solution of our problem, it will do very much toward it. Let parents be properly educated; let the home-makers consider their work as of great importance; let children be brought into the world under the most favorable conditions; let home-making be regarded as the noblest of all professions—which it is; let the rearing of children be considered as something more than merely providing them with food and a bed; let the responsibilities of parenthood sink deep into the consciousness of all who undertake it; then, undoubtedly, much would be done toward the solution of the boy problem and the girl problem, too, because the parental conditions would be made better, the hereditary equipment of the individual would be improved, there would be better homes, diseases of childhood would be prevented, the social and sociological conditions would be improved, and the craze for divorce and separation of parents would be measurably stemmed.

To quote from an unpublished address of the author: "The highest ideal within the reach of humanity is the perfect home. With the advent of the perfect home will come the millennium. The making of such a home holds greater possibilities for the physical, mental, and moral improvement of the race than any other activity to which mankind can give attention"—and which further says concerning children, the chief product of the home: "What is the chief business of men and women in the world? What do human and divine institutions exist for? What is the ultimate purpose of governments, societies, school systems, and even the Church itself? Nothing more nor less than bringing children legitimately into the world, and bringing them to their fullest maturity. The measure in which men, women, and institutions contribute toward this is the measure of their success. Not to have

contributed either directly or indirectly to this great cause is to have failed miserably and utterly in the work of life."

The divorce and separation of parents is an evil, the effects of which are far-reaching as causative factors in the boy problem. It is not the purpose to enter into any labored discussion of this matter, but only to say that if young people, after suitable educational preparation, would enter into the marriage relation with a full understanding of its duties and obligations, especially the duties and obligations which attend upon the launching of new lives into the world, there would be fewer divorces and separations of parents.

What necessity would there be for juvenile courts and probation officers to look after incorrigibles, truants, run-aways, and those guilty of idleness and crime, if we had earnest, thoughtful, and well prepared home-makers directing the destinies of ideal homes?

The ideal home is the unit of an ideal civilization.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND.

(For the Improvement Era.)

This picture I behold,—
Thro' the thick smoke of guns,
Thro' stern eyes and set lips,
Where bullets hive like bees,—
A man upon his knees!

Over the din of war,
Over the quick command,
His supplicating voice
Swell like a chorus grand.

America, God-given!
'Tis thine to say:
Shall God be e'er forgot,
Since Washington was not
Ashamed to pray?

KATIE THOMAS.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE HOME AND THE CHILD.

A reader of the ERA in Los Angeles, writes to know why the Church cannot have a magazine for parents—we have them for the missionaries, the young ladies, the young men and the children, “but,” he complains, “there is no organ for the fathers and mothers.” Others, however, are inclined to view the subject in another light, and maintain that most of our publications are for grown folks, and do not contain enough matter suitable for young people. It appears to me that neither view is exactly correct. Our publications, mostly, are suited for both old and young, and if any class has cause to complain, it is surely not the parents. But our correspondent has reminded me of a topic suitable for fathers and mothers, frequently referred to, but which I think should receive their most earnest attention—the training of the child in the home.

It is stated that hundreds of the children of the Latter-day Saints in the cities attend non-“Mormon” social organizations, because these afford better facilities for amusement and recreation than is provided in our ward organizations. It is maintained by some parents that there is no harm in this, because in these outside institutions no anti-religious teachings are permitted. In fact, I heard one good brother say, on being told that his son was affiliating with one of them, “Why, I would much rather have him there than on the streets.” That is a remarkable statement. So it appears that it is necessary to have our children either on the streets or in some institution, club or place of amusement and recreation where they are turned over to be trained and taught and amused by people who are neither in sympathy with the purpose, nor in harmony with the objects, of the great Latter-day work!

What is the home for? What estimate do we place upon its power? What training, what teaching, what comfort and what amusement are we providing there for our children? I replied to

my friend like this: "Why, yes; if I must choose between my child being on the street or in some such social organization, certainly I should prefer the latter. But must he be on the street?" Not if I have done my duty and taught him early and persistently loyalty to home, its true value, beauty, comfort and happiness. He will then not care for the street. It is no place for children; and a great mistake is made in ever letting them think so, in ever letting them go there for amusement or recreation.

But you say: some recreation must be provided. Certainly; and it should be provided not only in the home, but also in our public ward and stake organizations, for which genuine loyalty should also be early taught. But you shall find even then, that there are many amusements, so called, that one cannot permit them to indulge in. You must draw the line, no matter how much you may grant, for there is still more that will be desired. You must say what is proper and what is not. You must provide for your children such attractions as they enjoy, as far as it is consistent with your means and the spirit of the gospel. This applies equally to the family and the ward and stake organizations. But let it be remembered that the Saints cannot supply their young people with card-tables, smoking-rooms, billiard-halls, drink and other accessories that light-hearted and thoughtless youth are so prone to enjoy, and often anxious to have provided and established among the Saints. After all, our young men and women must be taught to make a choice. They must be taught to freely and willingly sacrifice their irregular pleasures and inclinations to that which is right and proper. And this must be done, not altogether by our public organizations and teachers, but privately by properly trained parents in the home. It must be done there by precept and example; by prompt, energetic, firm, yet loving teaching. Children must be so trained there that they shall love the right, the faith and the counsel of their parents, more than error and the advice of others who are not so near to them. They must be trained to be loyal to the truth, to that which is legitimate, to themselves and to the Church—whether or not in such a course there shall come to them poverty or wealth, comfort or trial, ease or labor, good or evil. That is what our fathers did, and were: they chose the right rather than comfort and pleasure, but the

fruits of their struggle resulted gloriously in strength of character and in temporal and spiritual achievement. And shall we and our children not have faith that a similar course will end in like glory to all who follow their example?

But what are we doing in our homes to train our children; what to enlighten them? What to encourage them to make home their place of amusement, and a place where they may invite their friends for study or entertainment? Have we good books, games, music and well-lighted, well-ventilated, warm rooms for their convenience and pleasure? Do we take personal interest in them and in their affairs? Are we providing them with the physical knowledge, the mental food, the healthful exercise, and the spiritual purification, that will enable them to become pure and robust in body, intelligent and honorable citizens, faithful and loyal Latter-day Saints?

We frequently neglect giving them any information concerning their bodily well-being. In our cities we appear to be providing our young people too much mental exercise, and no physical diversion and work, while in our country settlements, we seem to be overburdening them with bodily labor, and in many cases doing little or nothing for their mental development and recreation. Hence, in the one case they seek forbidden places and pleasure, on account of too much mental exercise; and in another, because of too little.

Now then, are we studying their wants as we do our business, and our farms and our animals? Are we looking after them, and if necessary bringing them in from the street when absent, and providing them in our homes with what they lack? Or are we to a great extent neglecting these things in the home and home training, and considering our children of secondary value to horses and cattle and lands?

These are important points for consideration, and fathers and mothers should honestly study them, and as honestly answer them to their own satisfaction. We may well invest means in the home for the comfort, convenience, entertainment and training of our children. We may well give our sons and daughters some time for recreation and diversion, and some provision in the home for satisfying their longing for legitimate physical and mental recreation,

to which every child is entitled, and which he will seek in the street or in objectionable places, if it is not provided in the home. In addition to this, and supplementary to the training in the home, it is to be hoped that our organizations will as soon as possible provide every arrangement for legitimate entertainment and recreation, physical and intellectual, that will tend to attract our young people, and hold them interested, loyal and contented within the pale of our own influence and organizations.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

A PLEA FOR PURE AIR.

A friend in one of the northern settlements writes the ERA asking if something can be done to prevent "our good bishops, janitors, and other ward officers from poisoning the Saints in their meetinghouses, by shutting out the pure, fresh air with which the Lord has so richly blessed us?" He says, further, that "it is no uncommon thing to have women and children return from meeting with bad headaches, because of the foul air."

Of course, the only remedy for foul air is fresh air, and this every person should have. Complaint should be made by the people to the local authorities, where there is neglect in supplying it to congregations. The authorities surely realize the value of pure air, and should not be slow to provide it. Warming and ventilation are so important to health and vigor of mind, that the condition of the atmosphere of both public and private buildings—churches and homes—should receive the most careful consideration. Neglect in this respect is the cause of an incalculable amount of human disease and suffering. In the winter season there should be not only pure air, but warm, pure air, in buildings occupied by people. The temperature, where persons are not engaged in exercise, should be from 63 to 65 degrees. The janitor should be provided with thermometers at different places in the room to determine the degrees of the atmosphere. This subject is not only important, but it embraces a vast field for much care and thought on the part of those who build churches and homes. What is the best method of heating? How can pure air best be

supplied? How best can the foul air be expelled? All these are questions to be carefully considered. However, the main question, for houses already built, is, how best can we maintain the purity of the atmosphere by expelling foul and admitting fresh air without draughts? By throwing wide open the doors and windows the air is soon renewed, but the process, probably, would be attended with danger to the inmates from the violence with which the air currents would enter and leave the room. Look around, then, in your home or meetinghouse, and see if there is any provision for ventilation, except by doors and windows. Are there any mechanical means, such as gratings in the ceilings or cornices, leading into the open air by means of flues? Are there any ventilators in the roofs of your church? Any pipes or other means by which the air may pass in and out? And if so, are these means in order? Is the congregation willing to have the windows and doors thrown open, during a meeting, frequently enough to supply fresh air? When all these questions are answered, we shall probably find that neither the good bishop nor the janitor, nor the ward officers, are altogether responsible for the bad air. It is a heritage of the badly planned house, and all are equally responsible.

But there are things that can be done, even in badly ventilated houses. When they are unoccupied, they may be filled with fresh air. When a meeting is adjourned, the house by being thrown open may be filled with fresh air, instead of being locked up for a week with all the accumulated foul air. Before a meeting begins, the room may be thoroughly filled with fresh air. Devices may be put on windows, throwing the air up in the room instead of out over the congregation. In a warm room, when the obnoxious gases rise, the upper windows may be let down to admit the impure air to escape; in a cool room, when the gases fall or mix freely with the air breathed, ventilation from the doors or lower windows is best accomplished.

Fresh air should also be permitted to freely enter every dwelling, day and night, especially bed rooms. When human beings utilize a room, it is soon charged with carbolic acid, one of the foremost products that vitiate the air, also with watery vapor, and ammonia and organic matter, especially bacteria, all of which combine to render the atmosphere not only unfit but dangerous for

breathing. Medical authorities generally agree that a healthy person should be provided with 1,000 cubic feet of fresh air per hour. When the number of people in a completely closed, ordinary meetinghouse is counted, and the size of the room is taken into account, it is not difficult to understand why, after a two-hour meeting, either with or without heat, the women and children go home with headaches, and the men have slept during the services.

The people in their homes, and the authorities in the wards, are instructed to add to the observance of the Word of Wisdom, to healthful exercise, and to personal cleanliness, by bathing often in pure water, this motto for their guide to physical health: Sunlight, warmth, and thorough ventilation. On the other hand: cheerfulness, communion with the Spirit of God, and the practice of the moral virtues, will promote and preserve both physical and spiritual health and vigor.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE AND THE M. I. A.

Beginning with the current M. I. A. season, the Ensign stake Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association inaugurated a scheme for physical training in junior classes. This work has been directly under the supervision of E. J. Milne, a member of the stake board, and the physical director of the L. D. S. University, and Dr. E. G. Gowans, another member of the stake board. Permission was given by the President of the Latter-day Saints University for the use of the gymnasium connected with that school. Twice each month the junior boys from all the wards in the stake have been gathered at the gymnasium for physical training. One of these occasions is on Tuesday evening, when the lesson from the manual is given, under the direction of the instructor in charge. The officers have been greatly pleased with the results obtained from this experiment of combining physical culture with the manual lessons. Desiring that the members of the General Board M. I. A. should be made familiar with the work that is being done in the Ensign stake, along these lines, Superintendent R. Hillam, Jr., and his assistants Lewis R. Wells and Wm. H. Folland, invited the General Board to be present at the University gymnasium, on Tuesday evening, 7:30, January 14, to attend the regular semi-monthly meeting of the junior class. There were 127 junior boys present, and after a review of their manual lesson, they spent a good hour in physical sports, basket ball, races, etc. Presidents Joseph F. Smith, and Anthon H. Lund, and many of the members of the General Board were present and delighted with the exercises. In our large cities, physical training in connection with the Mutuals is a crying need, and doubtless more will soon be said and done in this matter.

SEVENTY'S COUNCIL TABLE.

BY B. H. ROBERTS, MEMBER OF THE FIRST COUNCIL.

When did Baptizing Begin in the Meridian Dispensation?—The following question is asked by one of the quorums: "Will you kindly answer at the seventy's "Council Table" the following question: "When did the apostles and seventies in the days of Christ commence to baptize, before or after His resurrection?" Some of the members of our quorum hold that the apostles and seventies did not baptize until after Christ was resurrected." Undoubtedly baptism under the direction of the Messiah was begun by both apostles and seventies previous to the resurrection of the Savior. In the gospel, according to St. John (chap 4: 1-3), the following statement is made:

"When, therefore, the Lord knew how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John, (though Jesus himself baptized not but his disciples) he left Judea, and departed again into Galilee."

Again, in John 3: 22, it is written: "After these things came Jesus and his disciples into the land of Judea; and there he tarried with them and baptized." Yet, as the previously quoted passage puts it, "Though Jesus himself baptized not, but his disciples." From these passages it is very clear that baptism was administered by the disciples of Jesus previous to his crucifixion, and undoubtedly among the "disciples" who were thus baptizing with his sanction would be the apostles and the seventies. Unquestionably they had authority to baptize, and since Jesus authorized some of his disciples to perform this ordinance, why not the apostles and seventies with the rest? The commission which he gave to his apostles after his resurrection, which we suspect is the reason for the opinion that the apostles and seventies did not begin to baptize until after the Messiah's resurrection, was simply a renewal of a commission which he had previously given to them, or else an enlargement of it. For whereas previous to the crucifixion, as far as one may judge, his disciples were confined in their ministry to Palestine, the seventies especially being sent "into every city and place where he himself would come," (Luke 10: 1) after the resurrection, he enlarged their field by saying: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. 28: 19-20).

Ro Call.—Recently the inquiry was made as to whether there would be any objection to having names of the members of the quorum arranged alphabetically, in order to facilitate the calling of the roll. One of the quorums had adopted this method, and it was met with very earnest objection by some who insisted that the members should be listed on the roll, not alphabetically but in the order in which they had been received into the quorum, either by ordination or transfer. Answering the question, we said: that so far as the quorum record proper is concerned, the genealogical record, the names of members should be recorded strictly according to the order in which they were received into the quorum, but if the arrangement of the names alphabetically would make easier the calling of the roll, at class and quorum meetings, we could see no objection to them being so arranged for that purpose. However, we suggest that if the names were placed on the roll call in the order in which they were received into the quorum, it would not be a difficult matter for each one to remember his number in the quorum, and the roll could be called by number, and the members respond thereto, making it possible to call the roll in very much less time than when it is called by names, either alphabetically or otherwise arranged.

Whereabouts of the Quorums.—That means, of course, with reference to the lessons of the Seventies' Year Book. By the time this number of the ERA reaches the Seventies, three months will have elapsed since the inauguration of the new order of things in the Seventies' class work. Seventeen Sundays of the first year will have passed. Seventeen lessons should have been completed by that time, except, of course, in quorums that have been interrupted in one lesson by reason of a stake conference having been held in the stake where their quorum happens to be located. In that case such quorums will have finished sixteen lessons only. Therefore, by the time this Council Table is read by the Seventies, each quorum will have completed sixteen or seventeen lessons. Let each quorum inquire if it has mastered so many lessons; is it keeping up with the rest of the quorums of the Church, or falling into arrears with the lessons? Remember, brethren, it is the design in our plan of work to complete the lessons of the present Year Book by the last Sunday in October, 1908, so that every quorum in the Church will be prepared to take up simultaneously the second Year Book, beginning with November 1st of this year. There is no time for dallying or "dawdling." The work must be done. What is your whereabouts with reference to the lessons? Let there be no failures. The motto for both individual members of our quorums and the quorums themselves is, "mental activity, intellectual development, the attainment of spiritual power." This spells W-O-R-K.

Quorum Questions.—Has your quorum made any start toward laying the foundation of a choice reference library? (See Introduction present Year Book p. xi).

Has every member in your quorum secured the present Year Book of the Seventies' course in Theology? Every member needs this text book. Remember it is the beginning of a series of such books. After three or four years you will

want to bind them for preservation. Your set cannot be complete without this first number. The edition will soon be exhausted. Future Year Books will be constantly referring, doubtless, to this present one, and it will have therefore a permanent value. Moreover, new members will be added to your quorum during the present year, would it not be well for each quorum to have a few extra copies on hand to supply the prospective new members? What think you, presidents of quorums?

Have you started singing practice in your quorum yet? Have you organized your quorum quartette? Is singing taken up earnestly by the quorum members? (See *Seventies' Year Book* Introduction, p. viii).

Has your quorum taken steps to secure as large a subscription as possible for the ERA, the organ of the Seventies?

Has your quorum made its annual statistical report for the year 1907, at the same time forwarding all monies that should be reported to the general secretary and treasurer of the Seventies, Elder J. G. Kimball? These are matters, brethren, presidents of the respective quorums, that should receive your attention.

Scripture Reading Exercise.—At Lesson xiv in Part II of the Year Book, is the introduction of the Scripture reading exercise; and a sample Scripture reading is given on pages 67 and 68 of the Year Book. It is to be hoped that class teachers will use every exertion to make this exercise successful. It is one that is to continue throughout the course, and can be made the most interesting and beneficial to the quorum members. The reasons for introducing this exercise into our class work are set forth in the Introduction to our Year Book, page vi; and it is suggested that class leaders read that division of the Introduction to the members on the occasion of commencing the Scripture readings.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

A new edition of the French Book of Mormon, the second, has been issued by President Serge F. Ballif, of the Swiss and German mission, under direction of the First Presidency of the Church. This edition of 10,000 will be used in the French-speaking division of the Netherlands-Belgium mission. Only one edition of the French Book of Mormon has heretofore been printed; that published by the late President John Taylor, in Paris, in 1852.

President R. K. Hardy, of the New Zealand mission, writes from Auckland, November 22: "The manual has supplied a much felt want. It will be studied with much pleasure and profit, not only by elders and Saints but by those not of our faith, and also those who are investigating the gospel. The subject matter is so clearly and plainly presented in this manual that we feel it will be a means of doing a great missionary work in our island. We have recently organized a Mutual Improvement Association in Auckland, which from the commencement has met with marked success; our average attendance is more than was first expected. The pleasing feature to us is the fact that most of the members of this organization are not members of the Church, but we trust this will aid in their being converted."

MUTUAL WORK.

AN ERA IN EVERY HOME.

The people of the 3rd ward of Brigham City are staunch supporters of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, as indeed are the people of all the wards of that city and of the Box Elder stake. We present in this issue portraits of the officers of the 3rd ward, Brigham City, who have succeeded in obtaining a subscription in every family in that ward for our magazine.

For years that ward has had more than 5 percent of their



JESSE W. HOOPES.



JOS. M. REEDER.



DAVID O. STOHL.

members, subscribers of the ERA. The photos were sent at the request of the management of the IMPROVEMENT ERA. The officers write:

“In our work this year, as well as last, our aim has been to carry out the suggestion of President Smith and get the ERA into every home in our ward; and while we have not yet quite reached our mark, we feel to praise the Lord for the success we have met with. Our people are loyal to us in this matter. We have been able to talk the ERA to them conscientiously, because we are converted to it ourselves, and know that it is a benefit to the home. We have been earnest in our efforts, but yet feel that we have not overdone in any way, but that we could do more; in fact, we fully expect to get more subscriptions. Our association is doing what we think is fairly good work. Our attendance is good, but ought to be better, and we trust it will be. We have tried to do what missionary work we could, but men in business cannot do all they wish to do. We have the full support of the bishopric in our ward, for which we

are thankful. Trusting that the Lord will continue to bless our efforts, and the Mutual cause, and all its workers, we remain, Your brethren, in the cause, Jesse W. Hoopes, Jos. M. Reeder, David O. Stahl.''

There are 929 souls in the ward in question, and a list of 110 subscribers.

OUR READING COURSE.

Sufficient time has now passed to enable Mutual workers to determine the degree of success they have met with in the matter of reading. What have you done in this respect? Have you kept at it continuously, persistently? Stop long enough now to find out as definitely as you can the result of your labor. Perhaps the two following suggestions will help you during the rest of the year.

First, though, don't forget the general purpose of this course—which is, not necessarily to get into the minds of the boys the body of information, or what not, contained in the volumes they are to read; but to get the boys interested in reading, to induce in them the reading habit. I call attention to this part, and emphasize it here, because it is so important, and also, because in some wards it has been lost sight of.

One of my suggestions: if you find the books recommended by the General Board too difficult to get your boys interested in, don't give up the matter of reading entirely, but look around for some books that are not too difficult.

The main thing, of course, is that you study the interests of the boys—that is, find out, as best you can, what kind of reading, if any, they like, and then how you may divert their reading. This is also the first thing. Now, if having done this, you discover a wide gap between the boys' interests and these particular books, try to get reading matter that will appeal to their interest. Adaptation of means to ends, that is the great point here as elsewhere. It is hard to understand, speaking now of the junior class, how a boy with ordinarily wholesome tastes cannot be got to read *Wild Animals I Have Known*. Still, there are such. If so, then they might be induced to read some of Horatio Alger's books. Of these probably *Only an Irish Boy* and *Rough and Ready* are the best. The average boy, once he has started out on either, will devour it with the avidity that he would a piece of mince pie. It may be, too, that, afterwards, he could be got to read *Boys of St. Timothy* by Arthur Stanford Pier, or *The Silver Skates*, or even *Wild Animals*. It is an unfortunate fact—but still, I believe, a fact—that the better the style in which a book is written, the less it appeals to boys. That is to say, the subject matter being the same in two given books—one being written in a good, the other in an indifferent, style—the average, unreading boy will like the latter better than the former. The reason for this, I suppose, is that the boy is looking for the thing, not the dress of it, and the one dress is more like what he himself would give it. Now it is certainly a far cry from the literary workmanship of

Only an Irish Boy to Wild Animals, or even to The Silver Skates. So, by experimenting, it may be that you can get the boys to read this entire course. The moral tone of all these books mentioned is altogether beyond question.

The same things may be said of the young men in the senior class. Very probably one who cannot be induced to read *Great Truths* or *The Strength of Being Clean*, can be gotten to read *An Iron Will*, by Marsden or *Straight Shots at Young Men*, by Washington Gladden. Similarly, he who would not read *Silas Marner*—one of the most perfect—from an artistic point of view—works in English fiction—would be interested in *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Just as a person who cannot understand a great picture would find enjoyment in looking at an inferior one. There's no use talking, the taste has to be educated up to the classics. The main point is, take the boy's taste as you find it, and lead him up from that—I was about to say, no matter what good books you give him to read, provided, always, he is interested and you are doing the leading.

My second suggestion is this: See if you cannot do some reading in your classes, say ten minutes every week, for the purpose of arousing interest in the young men concerning some of the books you want them to read.

Now, to get a boy to pick up a book and begin the laborious process of reading it, is one thing, and to read to him while you have him there in your class, is another, and much easier thing. There are always a hundred and one obstacles lying between the unreading boy and the book. He doesn't like to read anything; he has to get favorable circumstances under which to read; he reads very likely with great labor; besides, there are other things he likes better. To be sure, some boys will rise above all these difficulties; but these are the boys who read, and these are not the ones, generally speaking, that need your help; they will get along very well without you. But do a little reading to your class of an evening, from an interesting book, and you have started the attention.

A young man in a certain ward thought it would be a good idea to read that inimitable story by Charles Dickens—*The Christmas Carol*. Being one of those teachers who believe in doing their class work with dispatch, and who do not wander from the lesson, he easily found a few minutes to devote to reading. Now, *The Christmas Carol* is a ghost story, though with a most wholesome lesson in it, of opening affection; and so, as the reading progressed, he roused the most attentive interest. When the interest of the class reached the highest point, a good many of the boys bought books themselves, or borrowed them, in order to finish the story. And so there was no need to finish it in the class. Stories, of course, lend themselves more easily to this kind of work than any other form of literature, because of the constant looking forward that it compels. But once the interest is aroused in reading, the teacher may go from one thing to another till he gains his point. This particular class leader is trying another book now, not a story.

Study the interests of your boys, then; find out what they would likely be concerned in, so far as reading goes; give them such reading matter as they will like, if they do not take readily to the books recommended by the General Board; devote a few minutes every class period to arousing interest in some particular

book; and then look for opportunities, for openings, where you can introduce suitable reading for the individual members of your class.

JOHN HENRY EVANS.

THE MUTUAL FARTHEST NORTH.

Elder John J. Piepgrass sends a photo of the M. I. A. workers of Narvik, Norway, and writes under date of November 14: "It may be of interest to your readers to know that there is an organization of the Y. M. M. I. A. north of the arctic circle. It was organized October 20, 1907, by Elders John J. Piepgrass, and P. Kalmer Nilsen. We have at present 16 enrolled, about one half of that number being non-members of the Church. All take a great deal of interest, however, in our work; and as our friends are among the better class of people, it helps to allay prejudice against us. Narvik appears to be one of the best towns north of Trondhjem for our cause; but we have some disadvantages not known in the southern part of the country. We have only about four hours of light at this time of the year, which makes it very bad for traveling in this country. This part of Norway is nearly all islands, and it is very difficult to cross the fjords in small boats in the winter time. May the Lord bless the work at home as well as here in the North."



M. I. A. in Narvik, Norway, the only Mutual north of the Arctic Circle.

SUMMER WORK.

The officers of stakes will remember that last season, a number of the stakes prepared summer programs in unison with the officers of the Young Ladies' Asso-

ciations. They were intended to keep alive the interest in our organizations during the vacation season; as well as to instruct and entertain the young people in literature, music and religion. This movement was not begun by the General Board, but the members heartily approved of it. Stake Boards have a good opportunity in this work to provide activity for the young people in other than a pleasure-seeking way, of which there is so much during the heated months. They should devise original plans, and meet together early to arrange their programs and get the best thought at work to make them attractive and valuable. At the June, 1907, annual conference, a resolution was unanimously passed approving the efforts of the Weber and Fremont stakes in the matter of providing summer work, and it was also expressed as the sense of the convention that the officers of all the stakes provide in a general way for summer work in their associations. Get your officers together, and begin to plan for what you are going to do during the summer vacation. Be liberal; let the boys have a word. Get together. Decide on your plan, then unitedly and vigorously work it.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

(For the Improvement Era.)


WORDS AND MUSIC BY EVAN STEPHENS.

1. Hark to the bu-gles re-sounding! Ye faith-ful,
 2. Hark to the bu-gles re-sounding! We go to
 3. Hark to the bu-gles re-sounding! 'Tis Christ com-

Resounding! ye faith-ful,
 Resounding! we go to
 Resounding! 'tis Christ com-

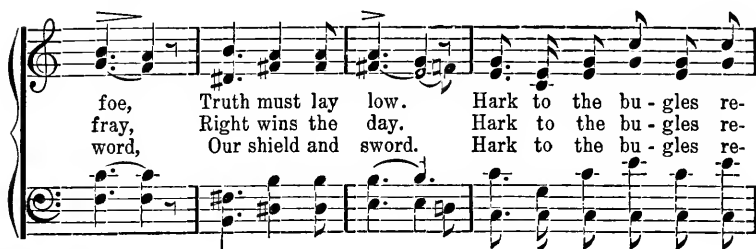
arm! Warders of heaven are sounding A
 fight Pow-ers of e-vil and darkness With
 mands! Forth to the bat-tle now waging In

Are
 We
 And



loud a - - - - - alarm. Er - ror, the
 God's own light! Dread not the
 man - - - - - y lands. His ho - ly

sounding a loud a - - - - - alarm.
 fight with God's own light.
 rag - ing in man - y lands.



foe, Truth must lay low. Hark to the bu - gles re -
 fray, Right wins the day. Hark to the bu - gles re -
 word, Our shield and sword. Hark to the bu - gles re -



sound - ing! To war! we go!
 sound - ing! A - way! a - - - - - way!
 sound - ing! We serve the Lord!

Re - sounding, to war we go!
 Re - sounding, a - way a - way!
 Re - sounding, come serve the Lord!

Soli ff To war . . . we go!



Hark to the bugles re - sound - ing! To war we go!
 Hark to the bugles re - sound - ing! A - way, a - way!
 Hark to the bugles re - sound - ing! Come, serve the Lord!

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

A New Senator.—A young lawyer of Jacksonville, Florida, William J. Bryan, not the original William J., of Nebraska, has been appointed by Governor Broward, to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate, caused by the death of former Senator Mallory.

Great Charity Gifts.—According to the *Chicago Tribune*, the gifts to charity in the United States for 1907, amounted to \$120,000,000, of which amount sixty-two millions went to universities and the higher education, and twenty-two millions to art galleries, museums and such like institutions. One-fifth of the gifts were made by women, and Mrs. Russell Sage alone gave \$13,800,000 mostly for miscellaneous charities.

The National Conventions.—For the first time, a great party will hold its national convention in Denver, a city six hundred miles further west than a convention has hitherto been held. The Democratic delegates will gather there on July 7, to nominate a candidate for the Presidency. The Republican national convention will be held in Chicago, June 16, which will be the 11th national party convention held in that city since 1856.

Prohibition in Georgia.—On January 1, the new law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor went into effect in Georgia. In Atlanta alone saloons and breweries amounting in value to one and a half million dollars were compelled to go out of business. The officials are determined to enforce the law, and it has been announced that imprisonment and not fines will follow violations of the law. Previous to the passage of the new law only seventeen out of forty-eight counties in the state allowed the sale of liquor under license, and four or five through county dispensaries.

Punished for Treason.—After the dissolution of the first Douma, many of its members in the flush of their first anger assembled in Viborg, Finland, and there published a manifesto, in which they urged the Russian people to insist upon popular representation, and advised them to furnish neither money nor soldiers to the government while the Douma was suspended. Among the members who signed

the manifesto was the president and vice-president and many of the most prominent leaders of the constitutional Democrats. All these except two have now been tried for treason, and on December 31, were sentenced to three months' imprisonment and the loss of their civil rights.

China Advancing.—That religious liberty has been promised in China by a recent imperial decree, is an evidence that the Chinese are awakening to modern ideas. It is also said that Chinese magistrates have been admonished to make no distinction between Christians and non-Christians in the dispensing of justice. Missionaries will also be protected in their lives and property by Chinese officials who are commanded to afford such protection. Undoubtedly many difficulties will arise with the carrying out of the decrees, but these are steps in the right direction which afford a hope that a constitution may eventually be granted. With the ruling power in favor of these progressive acts, the people of the country will grow rapidly into a knowledge of the value of broad and liberal government.

Coal Land Fraud Cases.—Judge Robert E. Lewis of the Federal Court at Denver has quashed a large number of indictments against people accused of land fraud in Colorado. Large railway corporations for years have been obtaining control of immense areas of coal lands in Colorado, Utah and Wyoming, by engaging persons to enter lands, and furnishing money to make payments, on agreement that they would in return deed the lands to the companies as soon as entry was perfected. The government, which has spent two or three years in working up these cases, held this to be fraudulent, but Judge Lewis now declares there is no law against such an agreement. The Department of Justice will perhaps make an appeal on writ of error, to secure a final ruling from the Supreme Court as to whether or not Judge Lewis' decision shall stand.

Naval Bureau Battle.—A controversy in the Navy department over who should command hospital ships, resulted in the resignation of Rear-Admiral William H. Brownson. On January 1, President Roosevelt, who took a vigorous part in the controversy, appointed Captain John E. Pillsbury, to be chief of the Bureau of Navigation, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Admiral Brownson. Surgeon-General Rixey, of the Navy, urged that hospital ships should be commanded by surgeons; but Rear-Admiral Brownson as strongly maintained that line officers shall be in command, as in the past ten years. The dispute culminated in connection with the hospital ship relief for the Pacific fleet. The President ordered that a medical officer be placed in command; then Admiral Brownson resigned, and his resignation was promptly accepted. The incident has caused considerable amusement for the press writers and cartoonists, as well as the writing of some vigorous letters on the subject by President Roosevelt.

Lord Kelvin Dead.—William Thompson, the first Lord Kelvin, one of the greatest mathematicians and physicists of our time, died at Glasgow, on December 17 last, at the age of 83. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1824, and graduated from St. Peter's College, Cambridge, in 1845. The next year he was

called to the chair of Natural Philosophy, at Glasgow University, which position he held for a period of 53 years. He gave valuable assistance in the making of inventions for receiving messages, through the first cable across the Atlantic ocean, completed in 1866, by Cyrus W. Field, an American; for perfect methods of taking deep-sea soundings while the ship was under way; and also for devising provisions for overcoming the influence of a ship's magnetism on a compass; all of which indicates that he was greatly attracted by the science of electricity and submarine telegraphy. He constructed several delicate instruments for the measurement and study of electricity. He was made a knight in 1866, and a peer in 1892. In 1884, 1897, and in 1902, he visited America, and became profoundly interested in electrical development at the Niagara Falls. With Prof. Tait, he is the joint author of a well known treatise on natural philosophy.

Japan's Pacific Intentions.—A fresh outbreak between the Japanese and British in Canada has revived the interest in the trouble between Great Britain and Japan. Many think that the sending of the Pacific fleet has had a tendency to excite both parties unduly. There is scarcely any cause, however for apprehension, either for one or the other reason, since the Japanese government has promised verbally to limit emigration both to the United States and to Canada, and during the month has taken measures to carry out the agreement. It is estimated that there is room for more than three million colonists in Korea. The Japanese government intends to divert emigration to that unfortunate country, and to this end has co-operated with the Oriental Colonization Company to advance capital to Japanese emigrants to Korea. Again, large reductions in the appropriations for the army and navy have been made, for there has been a financial earthquake in the country, leaving money matters very shaky; and there is a general concentration of effort by the Japanese government to make a success of the great international exposition which is to be held in Japan in 1912, all of which would seem to be fresh proofs of the pacific intentions in Japan.

The Labor Trouble in Nevada.—For the past year the Western Federation of Miners and the mine owners of Goldfield, Nevada, have been in constant dispute. About the time of the cash stringency, a general strike was made over the payment in checks instead of in cash. The mine owners then declared their independence of the labor union, and as they feared trouble they called on the governor for protection, knowing, as they did, that the sheriff was in sympathy with the miners. But Nevada has only seven officers and two enlisted men in her state militia, and hence Governor Sparks transmitted his responsibility of keeping order and peace to the National Government, by sending an exciting telegram to President Roosevelt, in which he set forth the troubles that were likely to occur at Goldfield, unless government troops were immediately sent to preserve order. The President responded by ordering a detachment of Federal troops from San Francisco, whereupon Governor Sparks was satisfied and rested. But the President now grew restless, and sent a commission to investigate. The Governor told this commission that he was quite at ease, and would not call the legislature to provide for state protection for Goldfield, or for the purpose of forming a state

military force. Then the President sent a wire in which he said: "The troops were sent to Goldfield to be ready to meet a grave emergency which seemed likely at once to arise, and not to provide a substitute for the exercise by the state of its police functions." This was on December 17, and three days later he stated that there appeared to be no serious trouble threatened which the state government could not control, and further, that the state appeared to be taking no steps in the matter. On the 27th, the Governor replied that, in his judgment, the troops should be kept for an indefinite period; that it was useless to convene the legislature, for at the regular session that body had refused to establish a state constabulary, and had passed a resolution in sympathy with Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone: and in any case, it would take three weeks to convene an extra session. Then President Roosevelt sharply reminded Governor Sparks that the Constitution imposed upon the legislature, not the governor, the duty of calling upon the National Government to protect a state from domestic violence. "You now request me," said the President, "to use the armed force of the United States, in violation of the Constitution, because, in your judgment, the legislature would fail to perform its duty under the Constitution. The state government certainly does not appear to have made any serious effort to do its duty by the effective enforcement of its police functions." He then insisted that the Governor call an extra session of the legislature within five days, or in case of failure, the troops would be withdrawn. Then the Governor surrendered, and summoned the legislature, which met January 14. Whether the legislature will do anything to establish a militia or otherwise relieve the situation remains to be seen. The condition has given the eastern papers cause for expressing scathing remarks about "Nevada's helplessness and impotence."

Utah's Public Schools.—While complete statistics for 1907 cannot, of course, be provided until the close of the school year, the following interesting data of the public schools of Utah, given the ERA by State Superintendent of Public Instruction, A. C. Nelson, and based on the last school year, will be of general interest: There are 668 common schools in 338 districts of the state. Out of this number, 417 are graded and 251 mixed. There are 34 high schools. A total of 567 male and 1,325 female teachers are employed, governed by 47 superintendents and supervisors, and 1,000 members of school boards. The average monthly salary for male teachers is \$86.40, and for female teachers \$55.41; and the sum of \$951,780, is annually paid in salaries. Last year there were 77,947 pupils enrolled in the schools, out of a total of 95,768, attending by grade as follows: 1st grade, 11,533; 8th, 4,716; promoted from the 8th grade, 2,813. There were 235 high school graduates. Superintendent Nelson says further:

The school census of Utah at present is 98,660, showing the number of children in the state entitled to school privileges free of charge, and between the ages of six and eighteen years. For the education of these children during the last year there was expended approximately \$20 per capita.

Besides this great financial outlay for the education of our youth, the best efforts of two thousand men and women are given, a large percentage of whom

have devoted the best years of their lives to careful preparation for their work. Yet this constant effort and expense are essential to the well being of our communities and commonwealth. That education pays is a settled question. In one year or two, the results may not be so apparent. The nurseryman is not repaid in one season, nor in two, for the painstaking care which he gives to his young orchard; but in time there comes forth an abundance of fruit of a superior quality which is in demand: and which repays him well for care and expenditures made. Without the effort, he could have secured a crop of seedlings, but these would have been of no special value. So it is with the training of our boys and girls. Their enhanced value, secured mainly from the education they are receiving, does not show itself in a pronounced way at any period of their school career. Nevertheless, the school fits them to enter as valuable personalities into the vital activities of the community, the State and the Nation. Still, the schools are by no means beyond criticism. The impatient observer may think that they respond very slowly, indeed, to the changing needs of the times. In many respects, it is well that they do. If Utah, during the last year, should have introduced into its schools only a fractional part of the fads and fancies proposed—proposed, too, by intelligent, well-meaning people, the results would have been incongruous and ridiculous. At the same time, this is not a reason why the schools should not lend their efforts to supply great and pressing demands. Industrial conditions in our country are such that to cope with them successfully, not only is a well developed mind required, but a well developed mind which has learned in early life, at least the elements of industrial processes. How to make the home most attractive is a problem well worth the best efforts of our girls. Today, in the grades of the common schools, the boys are taught manual training: the girls, domestic science and art. The best grammar schools of the state now have good elementary courses in these branches. The secondary schools are giving more thorough courses in manual training, agriculture, commerce, domestic science and art, than heretofore, and thus are the schools preparing the children at graduation to enter more readily and efficiently into the fields of activity where so much of the best effort of man is demanded at the present time. While emphasis has been placed on industrial work, this year, the schools have improved commendably in all of their regular work, there have been no large expositions in which the schools of the state have competed and secured gold medals, but the uniform strength secured attests the progress just as well.

Home Manufacture and Co-operation.—Sarah E. Pearson contributes to the ERA these thoughtful expressions on a very important subject:

“A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together!”

Speaking of home manufacture and President Smith's article thereon, in the January number of the ERA, I am inclined to believe there are fewer of our people need converting to this sanest of all business theories than is generally supposed.

Many a time when I was rearing my little children on my income from transient boarders, an uncertain quantity, have I been forced to buy the States-made shoddy suits for my little boys, simply because the first cost of a home-made suit was beyond my reach, and never have I got them without a distinct feeling of dissatisfaction at what I knew was false economy. The most ordinary observer could see that the home made suits of my more fortunate neighbors, retained their shape and respectability when mine were limpy and sodden, and the coat corners bulged with waste.

In buying family supplies to advantage one must be a judge of quality. Time

was when eastern mills with their sweat shops ran our own too close a margin, but with recent inflated prices on everything, we have to pay high prices for our eastern clothing, and are by no means sure of getting our money's worth any more than when we frankly bought shoddy "because it was cheap." I think we have learned to appreciate our own, and *can afford* to buy our own honest cloth at no advance, quality considered, greater than that we send east for, for the common people dress much better and spend much more on clothes than formerly. To run our mills at a fair margin of profit, to wear our own cloth, use our own blankets, find employment for our own at home, and keep our money in circulation at home, that's just plain common sense. I wish we had more of it.

The vital question is, can we furnish home-made cloth, *quality considered*, as cheaply as can be imported? for most people consider they have a right to "buy where they can do best." If you touch on their "patriotism" they will reply that "charity begins at home," and that to pay more for a home-made article simply takes the difference out of his own pocket and puts it in his neighbor's, to his own loss.

If you ask him where he would have had any money at all to buy with, if his neighbor had not given him employment, it may set him to thinking that the question is one of reciprocity, and goes deeper than the simple transaction of buying and selling implies.

What is the remedy of all this clashing of interests, this passionate assertion of mine and thine?—for there is a remedy as plain as the nose on our faces. Co-operation—not of ten or a dozen men, but the clubbing together of our thousands. In union all our needs can practically be supplied, so that world-panics will carry for us only the minimum of danger.

We want to have the same pride in our local products, which was evinced by some Pleasant Grove acquaintances of mine, a few years ago.

We were having a "Married Folks' Picnic Social," and when I came into the hall my eye was at once caught by the unusual costumes of the Sisters Anderson and Anna Larsen, and one or two others, I think, who were on the floor dancing. I suppose my face expressed my curiosity as I watched them through the set, for Sister Larsen smiled at me, and when the cotillion was ended, came and sat down by me. I stroked a fold of her neatly-made dark, maroon dress, and looked in her eyes enquiringly. Yes, it was as I suspicioned, carded and spun, dyed, woven and made at home, an old fashioned linsey-woolsey, finished at neck and wrists with soft bands of maroon plush. Her lips modestly depreciated her achievement, but in her eyes shown an honest pride, and I meant every word I said when I told her I thought it beautiful.

However, we don't have to depend on the hand-loom, which means harder labor and more time than many women of today can perform. We can have our own beautiful goods from our own mills, if we want to; heaven knows we have had counsel and encouragement and urging enough, but sometimes we have to be spanked into knowing what is good for us.

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